



...GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!...



№11-APRIL-MAY

SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

10¢

ALL STAR
ACTION
ISSUE!

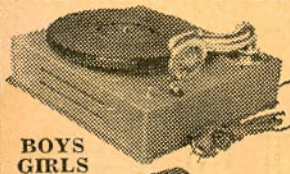




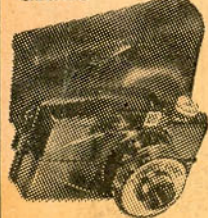
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GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH



BOYS
GIRLS

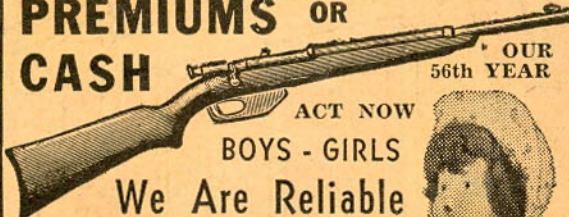


ACT
NOW
—
MAIL
Coupon

Electric Record Players, Candid Cameras with carrying cases (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. Simply Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. 56th year, Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. B-27, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN - GIVEN

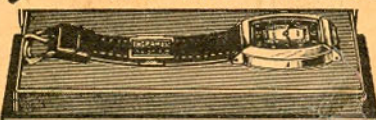
PREMIUMS OR CASH



OUR
56th YEAR

ACT NOW
BOYS - GIRLS

We Are Reliable



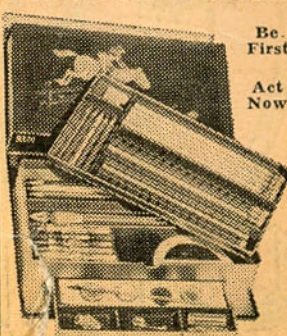
Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. C-27, Tyrone, Pa.



OUR
56th
YEAR
Mail
Coupon

GIVEN

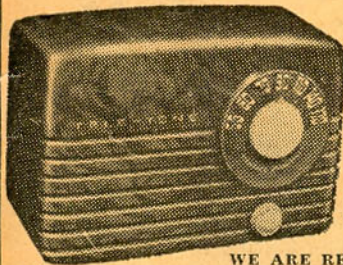
PREMIUMS - CASH



Be
First
Act
Now

Girls! Boys! Send No Money Now. We Trust You. School Boxes, 3 Pc. Pen & Pencil Sets, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 56th year, Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. D-27 Tyrone, Pa.

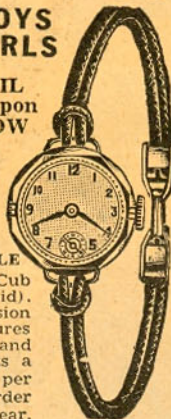
PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH



BOYS
GIRLS

MAIL
Coupon
NOW

Our
56th
Year



WE ARE RELIABLE

Radios, Wrist Watches, Ukuleles, Cub Fishing Outfits (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 56th year.

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. F-27, Tyrone, Pa.



LADIES

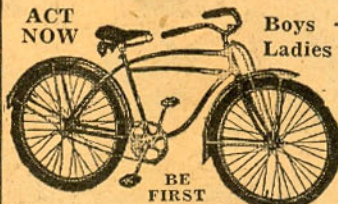
MEN

Premiums - GIVEN - Cash

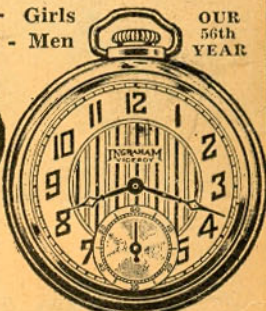
ACT
NOW

Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men

OUR
56th
YEAR



BE
FIRST



Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Latest model Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 56th year. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. E-27, TYRONE, PA.

GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission



Mail Coupon

BOYS
GIRLS

ACT NOW

Daisy Air Rifles with tube of shot, Regulation Footballs, Flashlights, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 56th year. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. G-27, Tyrone, Pa.



MAIL COUPON NOW

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-AM, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name _____ Age _____
St. _____ R.D. _____ Box _____
Town _____ Zone _____
No. _____ State _____

Print LAST Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

COWARD'S CASE



COURAGE IS KNOWN BY MANY NAMES --- BRAVERY... VALOR... INTESTINAL FORTITUDE --- BUT WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, A COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE AGENT HAS TO **HAVE** IT! AND WHEN AGENT **CHET PORTER** FOUND HIMSELF BRANDED WITH THE DESPICABLE NAME OF **COWARD**, HE SET OUT WITH GRIM DETERMINATION AND SLASHING FISTS TO PROVE HIS MANHOOD TO THE WORLD --- AND TO **HIMSELF!**





A MOMENT LATER...

HE... HE STOPPED FIRING!
IS HE JUST WAITING FOR ME TO
STICK MY HEAD UP SO HE CAN
BLAST ME—OR IS IT REALLY
SAFE FOR ME TO
GET UP NOW?

POP!

WOW-- WHAT
A PICTURE!

I... I'M
TOO LATE---
**THERE
THEY
GO!**

OH, BABY! AM I LUCKY--- THE
NEWSPAPERS WILL PAY PLENTY
FOR THE PICTURE I JUST GOT!
WHAT A **STORY**
IT'LL MAKE!

AND NOW FOR
A SHOT OF THE
"HERO" ---
HOLD IT,
MISTER!

WAIT--- GIVE ME THAT CAMERA!
THAT FIRST PICTURE WILL BE
NEEDED AS EVIDENCE
AGAINST THOSE SPIES
WHO ESCAPED!

POP!

HERE ARE MY OFFICIAL
CREDENTIALS! IF
YOU'LL JUST HAND
OVER YOUR CAMERA
NOW---

HMM--- "**CHET PORTER**
--- **U.S. COUNTER-
INTELLIGENCE
AGENT**"! THIS
STORY IS GETTING
EVEN **BETTER!**

WH---
HEY!

SORRY, BUD--- I THINK THE
AMERICAN PUBLIC HAS THE
RIGHT TO KNOW HOW A
COWARD LIKE YOU IS
PROTECTING THEIR
SECURITY!

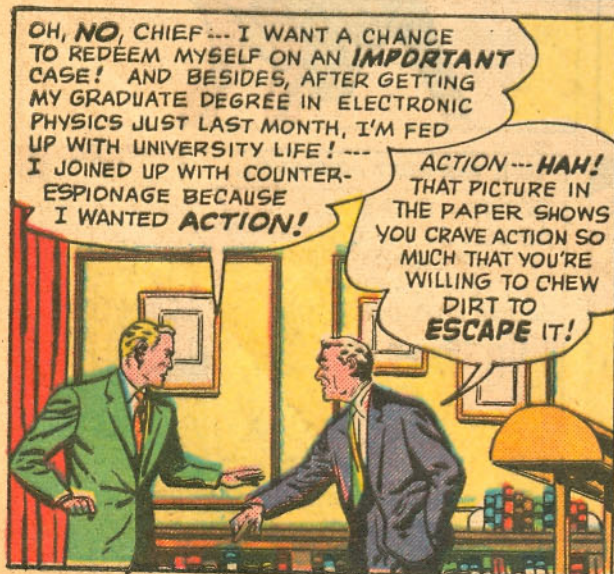
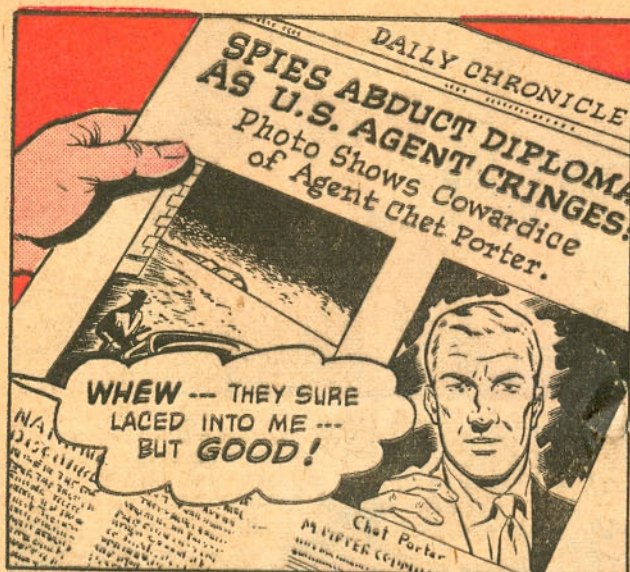
BY THE TIME CHET PICKS HIMSELF UP...

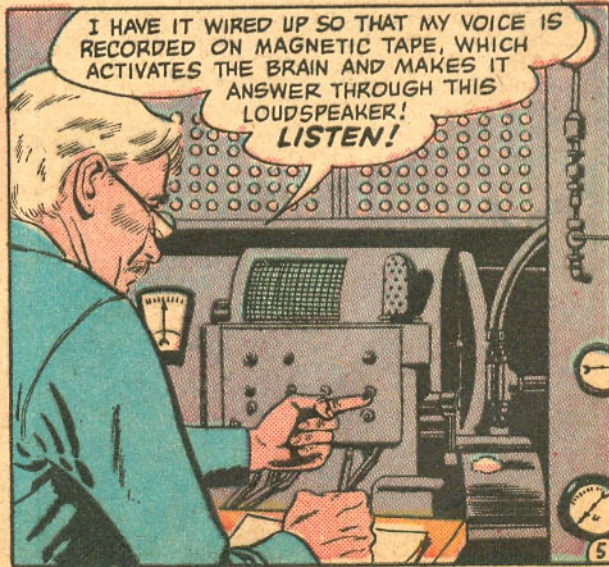
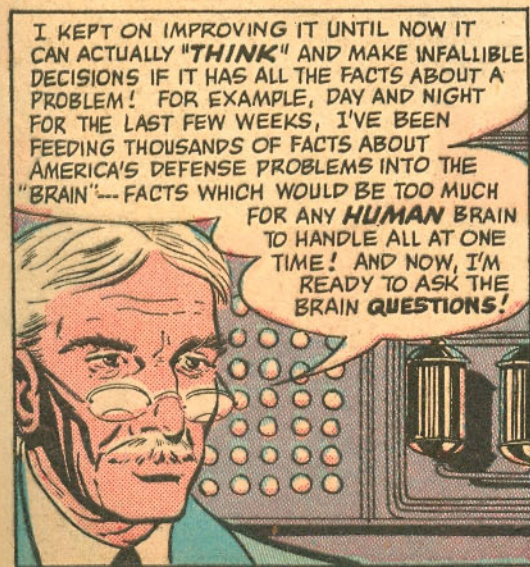
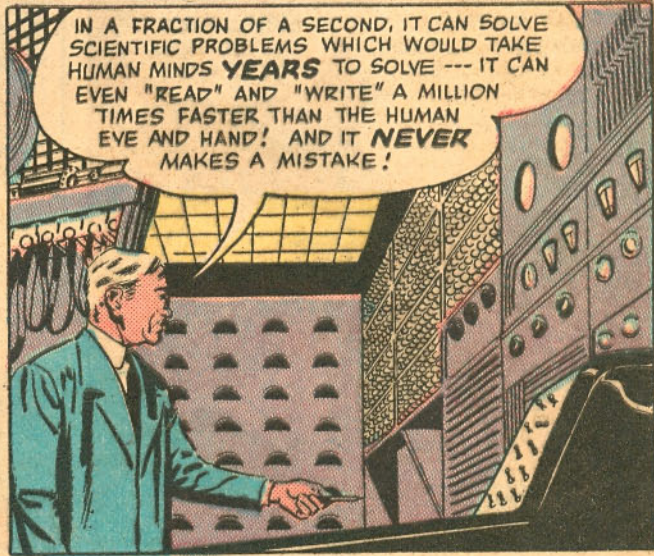
HE'S **GONE** --- HE MUST HAVE DUCKED INTO ONE
OF THOSE ALLEYS --- I'LL NEVER FIND HIM NOW!
WHAT A **MESS** I MADE OF THE WHOLE THING---
AND --- I'LL HAVE TO REPORT IT ALL TO
HEADQUARTERS IN THE MORNING!

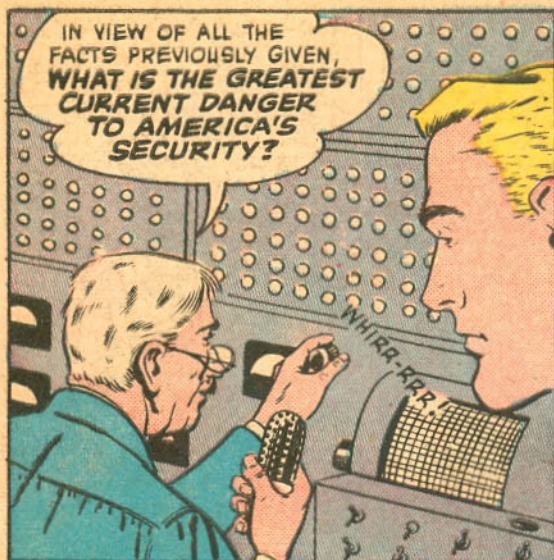
BUT, THE NEXT MORNING...

**EXTRY--- READ ALL
ABOUT IT! -- U.S.
AGENT CRAWLS IN
GUTTER AS SPIES
GRAB DIPLOMAT!**

OH, OH! ---
THAT MUST BE
ME!

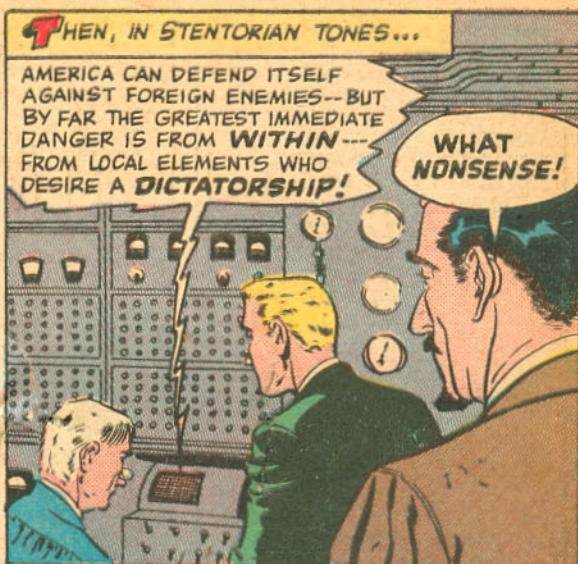






IN VIEW OF ALL THE FACTS PREVIOUSLY GIVEN, WHAT IS THE GREATEST CURRENT DANGER TO AMERICA'S SECURITY?

WHIRRRRR!



THEN, IN STENTORIAN TONES...

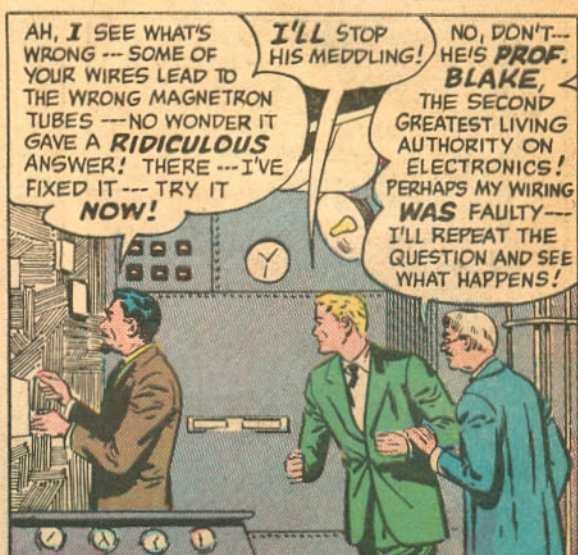
AMERICA CAN DEFEND ITSELF AGAINST FOREIGN ENEMIES-- BUT BY FAR THE GREATEST IMMEDIATE DANGER IS FROM **WITHIN**--- FROM LOCAL ELEMENTS WHO DESIRE A **DICTATORSHIP!**

WHAT NONSENSE!



THAT ANSWER COULDN'T BE RIGHT, PETERSEN --- THE BRAIN'S CIRCUIT MUST BE FAULTY! I'LL JUST TURN IT OFF AND HELP YOU FIX IT!

SAY... WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?



AH, I SEE WHAT'S WRONG --- SOME OF YOUR WIRES LEAD TO THE WRONG MAGNETRON TUBES --- NO WONDER IT GAVE A **RIDICULOUS** ANSWER! THERE --- I'VE FIXED IT --- TRY IT **NOW!**

I'LL STOP HIS MEDDLING!

NO, DON'T--- HE'S **PROF. BLAKE**, THE SECOND GREATEST LIVING AUTHORITY ON ELECTRONICS! PERHAPS MY WIRING **WAS** FAULTY--- I'LL REPEAT THE QUESTION AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



THIS TIME, THE ANSWER IS...

AMERICA IS ENDANGERED ONLY BY THE FOREIGN **COMMUNISTS!**

SAY, WHAT DID YOU **DO** TO THE BRAIN TO MAKE IT CHANGE ITS ANSWER?

AND **WHO**, MAY I ASK, ARE **YOU?**



MY NAME IS CHET PORTER--- I'M ---

HA --- NOW I RECOGNIZE YOU FROM YOUR "HEROIC" PICTURES IN THE PAPERS, MR. PORTER! YOUR SUPERIORS EVIDENTLY DIDN'T THINK VERY HIGHLY OF THE BRAIN IF THEY SENT THE ACE COWARD OF THE COUNTER-ESPIONAGE CORPS DOWN HERE TO GUARD IT!



WELL, I THINK THE BRAIN WILL BE THE MOST IMPORTANT WEAPON IN THE WHOLE ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY --- WHILE IN UNFRIENDLY HANDS, IT COULD BE USED TO **DESTROY** DEMOCRACY!

BAH --- YOU'RE A FOOL, AS WELL AS A COWARD --- AND I DON'T SPEAK TO EITHER! GOOD DAY!



SOMEHOW, I DON'T **TRUST** HIM, PROFESSOR! HE'S TOO ARROGANT, TOO COLDLY SUPERIOR ---

AH, BUT HE HAS A **RIGHT** TO FEEL SUPERIOR --- HIS ADVICE ON ELECTRONICS HAS BEEN **INVALUABLE** TO ME! THE UNIVERSITY EVEN APPOINTED HIM AS MY SUCCESSOR WHEN I RETIRE NEXT YEAR --- AND THEN **HE** WILL BE IN CHARGE OF THE BRAIN! BUT NOW, LET ME GO OVER THE WIRING AGAIN ---



AN HOUR LATER...

HMM, THIS IS **STRANGE!** EVERYTHING INDICATES THAT **MY** WIRING WAS **CORRECT**, WHILE THE CHANGES PROF. BLAKE MADE WERE ---

NOBODY MOVE... THIS IS A STICKUP!



EH? WHAT'S THAT --- **OH HH!**

BANG! BANG!

I TOLD YOU NOT TO MOVE --- AN' THIS'LL SHOW YOU I **MEANT IT!**

WHY, YOU FILTHY MURDERERS ---!



TOO BAD THERE'S NO PHOTOGRAPHER AROUND **NOW** --- BECAUSE I DON'T INTEND QUITTING IN **THIS** FIGHT!

POW!



YEAH? YOU'D **BETTER** QUIT --- OR THIS DAME JOINS THE PROFESSOR IN THE **MORGUE!**



YOU... YOU GAVE UP --- YOU **ARE** A COWARD!

I... I **HAD** TO, RITA --- FOR YOUR SAKE!

SO LONG, SUCKERS!



THEY LOCKED
THE DOOR---
THEY'LL GET
AWAY!

NEVER MIND
THEM!
CALL A DOCTOR
FOR THE
PROFESSOR---
QUICK!



IT... IT'S
TOO LATE---
HE'S
DEAD!

OH, NO --- **NO!**
IT'S ALL **YOUR** FAULT,
YOU **COWARD**---YOU
LET THEM KILL HIM!
I... I **DESPISE**
YOU!



LATER...

YES, THE STICK-
UP MEN MUST
HAVE BEEN
TRIGGER-
HAPPY,
AND
WHEN---

NO --- THEY
WEREN'T
MERE STICKUP
MEN! THEY
DIDN'T EVEN
TRY LOOKING
FOR MONEY OR
VALUABLES! ---
THEY WERE
PROBABLY---



DON'T MIND HER, OFFICER---
SHE'S EMOTIONALLY
UPSET! HERE ARE
MY FEDERAL
CREDENTIALS ---
I GUESS YOU
CAN TAKE **MY**
WORD ABOUT
WHAT
HAPPENED!

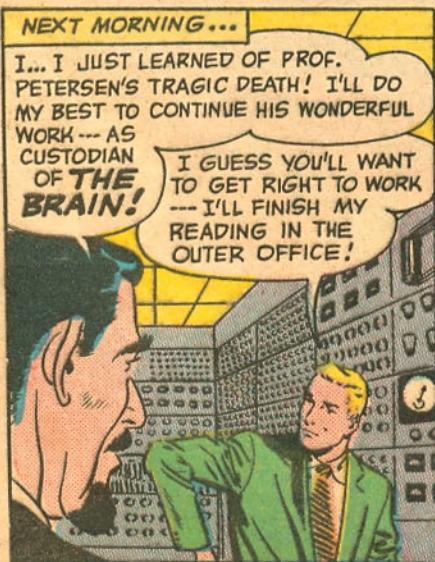
HMM, COUNTER-
INTELLIGENCE!
ALL RIGHT, MR. PORTER
--- WE'LL REPORT
THE CASE AS
A HOLD-UP!



YOU... YOU
STUPID,
INCOMPETENT,
COWARDLY ---!

EXCUSE ME,
MISS SMITH ---
I'VE GOT
SOME WORK
TO DO ON
THE
BRAIN!

I **HAD** TO CON-
VINCE THEM IT WAS
A HOLDUP --- OR THEY
MIGHT'VE CALLED IN
WASHINGTON, AND
SOMEONE ELSE WOULD
HAVE BEEN SENT DOWN
TO TAKE OVER THE CASE!
THEN I'D **NEVER** BE ABLE
TO PROVE MY HUNCH ---
AND **REDEEM MYSELF!**



NEXT MORNING...

I... I JUST LEARNED OF PROF.
PETERSEN'S TRAGIC DEATH! I'LL DO
MY BEST TO CONTINUE HIS WONDERFUL
WORK --- AS
CUSTODIAN
OF **THE**
BRAIN!

I GUESS YOU'LL WANT
TO GET RIGHT TO WORK
--- I'LL FINISH MY
READING IN THE
OUTER OFFICE!



THE LAB IS SOUNDPROOF---
NOW I CAN ASK THE
MACHINE **MY**
QUESTIONS!



HOURS LATER...

LEAVING
ALREADY,
PROFESSOR?

YES--- I... ER,
I HAVE
EVERY-
THING
I NEED!

MOMENTS LATER...

BLAKE DIDN'T KNOW I HOOKED A DICTAPHONE UP TO THE BRAIN! I'LL JUST FLIP THIS SWITCH, AND---

HOW CAN I AND THE NEW MASTER RACE OF SCIENTISTS COME TO POWER AND BECOME **DICTATORS OF THE WORLD?**

THAT... THAT'S **PROF. BLAKE'S VOICE!**



IT IS DIFFICULT---BUT **POSSIBLE!** THERE ARE TWENTY-TWO STEPS, AS FOLLOWS--- FIRST, YOU MUST FOSTER A WAR BETWEEN THE WESTERN AND EASTERN NATIONS IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER...

YES, AND THAT'S **THE BRAIN'S VOICE**---AND I'VE HEARD **ENOUGH!** RITA--- WHERE DOES BLAKE LIVE?

AT... AT 124 SOUTH STREET!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

BLAKE, I CHARGE YOU WITH PLOTTING PETERSEN'S MURDER--- AND WITH SUBVERSIVELY PLANNING TO USE **THE BRAIN** TO SUBJECT THE WORLD TO A **DICTATORSHIP!**

YOU'VE GONE STARK, RAVING MAD!



NO, I HAVEN'T--- BECAUSE I'VE GOT **PROOF!** I HOOKED A DICTAPHONE INTO THE BRAIN LAST NIGHT--- AND I HAVE A RECORD OF ALL THE QUESTIONS YOU ASKED, AND ALL THE ANSWERS YOU GOT!

ANDY--- GET THE BOYS HERE--- FAST!



SO THESE ASSASSINS ARE YOUR MEN, EH? I WAS **HOPING** I'D TRAP YOU INTO ADMITTING YOU WERE BEHIND THE MURDER, BLAKE--- BECAUSE THE DICTAPHONE RECORDS COULDN'T PROVE **THAT!**

GET HIM!



YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO FAR TO GET ME --- I'LL COME AND MEET YOU HALF-WAY!

BANG! OOF! WHAM!



YOU BOYS WERE **DUMB** TO PICK A FIGHT WITH A COWARD LIKE **ME**--- MAYBE YOU SHOULD'VE POOLED YOUR BRAINS--- LIKE **THIS!**

BAH! I'LL FINISH YOU OFF! THERE'S ONE THING I **KNOW** YOU'RE AFRAID OF--- **HOT LEAD!**





START THROWING THAT HOT LEAD, BLAKE! THIS IS JUST THE CHANCE I WANTED -- TO PROVE TO MYSELF I'M NOT A COWARD!

YOU ASKED FOR IT! I'LL MAKE YOU GROVEL -- BEFORE I KILL YOU!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



BLAST YOU -- YOU'RE HIT -- BUT STILL YOU ... YOU KEEP COMING ON! I ... I CAN'T KEEP MY HAND FROM TREMBLING...

THERE THEY ARE -- I'LL GET BLAKE!

NO -- LET CHET SETTLE THIS HIS WAY!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



MY... MY GUN'S EMPTY! -- UGHHH!

OH, CHET -- YOU CAME THROUGH -- YOU AREN'T A COWARD!

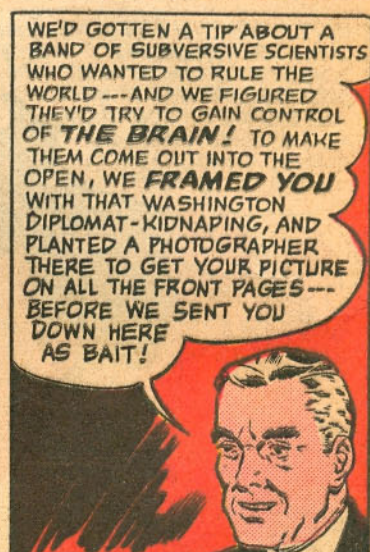
WHAM!



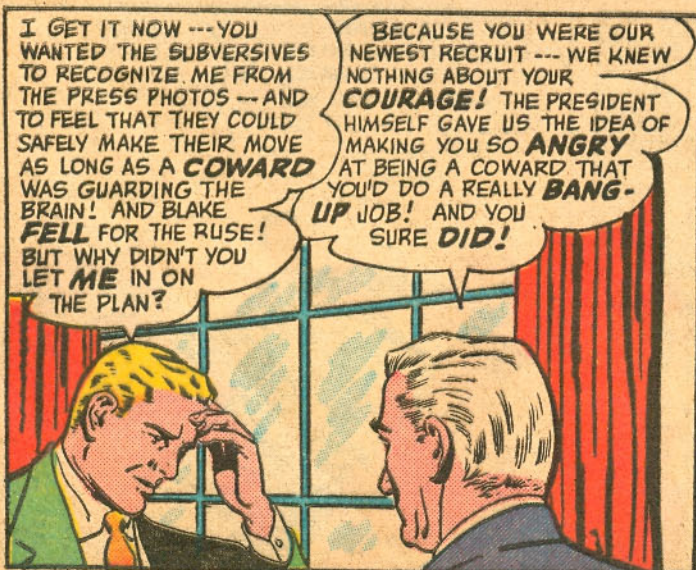
HUH? RITA -- CHIEF -- WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING HERE?

I ... I WAS AFRAID BLAKE MIGHT KILL YOU -- I CALLED THE POLICE!

YES, AND I WAS RIGHT THERE IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- I KNEW SOMETHING WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN!



WE'D GOTTEN A TIP ABOUT A BAND OF SUBVERSIVE SCIENTISTS WHO WANTED TO RULE THE WORLD -- AND WE FIGURED THEY'D TRY TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE BRAIN! TO MAKE THEM COME OUT INTO THE OPEN, WE FRAMED YOU WITH THAT WASHINGTON DIPLOMAT-KIDNAPING, AND PLANTED A PHOTOGRAPHER THERE TO GET YOUR PICTURE ON ALL THE FRONT PAGES -- BEFORE WE SENT YOU DOWN HERE AS BAIT!



I GET IT NOW -- YOU WANTED THE SUBVERSIVES TO RECOGNIZE ME FROM THE PRESS PHOTOS -- AND TO FEEL THAT THEY COULD SAFELY MAKE THEIR MOVE AS LONG AS A COWARD WAS GUARDING THE BRAIN! AND BLAKE FELL FOR THE RUSE! BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME IN ON THE PLAN?

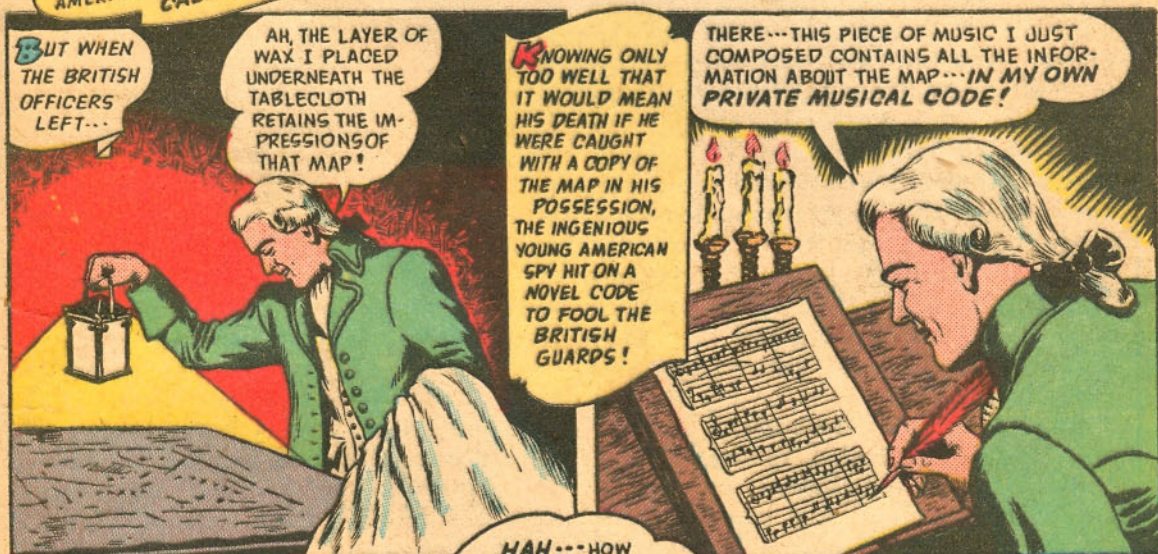
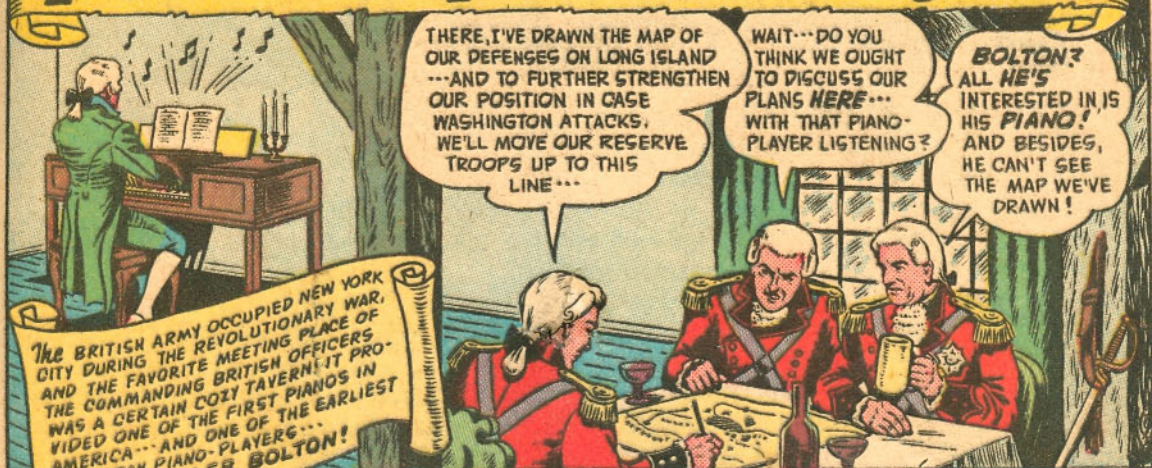
BECAUSE YOU WERE OUR NEWEST RECRUIT -- WE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT YOUR COURAGE! THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF GAVE US THE IDEA OF MAKING YOU SO ANGRY AT BEING A COWARD THAT YOU'D DO A REALLY BANG-UP JOB! AND YOU SURE DID!



WELL, NOW THAT THAT'S OVER, RITA, I THINK I'LL ASK THE BRAIN IF YOU STILL HATE ME -- OR IF YOU'RE WILLING TO DATE ME NOW!

WHY ASK THE BRAIN -- DOESN'T THIS ANSWER YOU?

PIANO-PLAYER SPY



FLARE-UP

JERRY BARNUM WAS disgusted. Here he'd joined the U. S. Secret Service to get some *action*---and what did they give him? A job as night watchman, patrolling a beat around a laboratory that was so top-secret that no spy would ever even hear about it, much less attack it! Fat chance for action he had *here*!

True, the lab was vitally important to the national defense---engaged in perfecting a high-powered rocket fuel which would enable America's guided missiles to reach any point on the globe. And that was why such extraordinary precautions had been taken to keep the lab's very existence a secret---only a bare handful of thoroughly investigated scientists and top brass knew about the underground location hidden deep in the Michigan woods. And that was also why the Secret Service felt it was safe enough to send only one agent out to guard the lab---its newest and most untried agent---Jerry Barnum!

Why, only this afternoon, a top Secret Service official---a man whom Jerry had never seen before, but whose credentials proved his importance---had driven up to the secret entrance of the lab, and had told Jerry after a tour of inspection, "I know this is a tedious job, Barnum---I think it's beginning to get on your nerves---you seem tootense and jumpy! Maybe it'll help you to relax if you know there isn't a chance in the world of any spy ever learning about this lab---so you needn't reach for your gun at the slightest sound during the night. If you can keep relaxed without becoming trigger-happy, I'll see what I can do about getting you transferred to another assignment in a few weeks!"

Jerry had thanked the man, Mr. Whitby, profusely---and had tried following his advice, ignoring the innocent-sounding noises which he'd heard on his rounds, thinking they were just forest sounds filtering down into

the lab. But the thought of even a few more weeks at this nerve-wrackingly dull assignment still made him feel disgusted. *Wait*---that sound in the inner lab---*that* wasn't innocent!

Drawing his gun, Jerry raced into the next room---and suddenly felt his feet flying out from under him as he slid into a slippery liquid on the floor. Then, while he was groping around in the oily mess for his gun, a flashlight bit through the darkness and Whitby's voice said, "Don't make a move, Barnum---you're covered! What a fool you were to take my credentials at face value, and give me a chance to make wax impressions of the lab keys you so stupidly left lying around this afternoon! But just to play safe in case you heard any noises I made in my search for the rocket fuel plans, I spilled some lubricating oil on the floor---and you sure slipped in it! You see, our spies have access to even your most secret projects---*HEY!*"

In one flying, diving leap, Jerry got behind the tanks of liquid oxygen---and Whitby's shot zinged harmlessly over his head. Then, before Whitby could fire again, Jerry called out, "Better hold your fire, rat---unless you want to be blown up! If a shot ever pierces this tank of oxygen, it's curtains for both of us!"

Snarling, the spy began advancing cautiously along the oil-smeared floor. "Then I'll come close enough to be sure I hit *you* instead of the tanks!"

Jerry's hand twisted the valve of the oxygen tank as the spy neared him---and suddenly, a brilliant glare lit up the lab---and a piercing scream rang out and then died in a death rattle. Grabbing a fire extinguisher, Jerry put out the fire around the spy's smoldering body, and said, "Too bad you didn't know that liquid oxygen and lubricating oil burst into flames on contact!--I think I'm beginning to *like* this assignment!"

BLOWUP in BURMA

WITH UNREST SWEEPING ASIA LIKE A TROPICAL STORM... WITH A DOZEN FACTIONS FIGHTING SAVAGELY FOR A DOZEN DIFFERENT OBJECTIVES... THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT A FOOTLOOSE AMERICAN WILL RUN INTO IN THE JUNGLES OF BURMA! **MITCH COOPER** IS HEADING TOWARD DANGER IN ALL SHAPES AND SIZES... FROM THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE OF A COMMUNIST GUERRILLA LEADER... TO THE WHITE-HOT WITCHERY OF **LADY MOONLIGHT!**

HEY... WAIT! WE'VE BEEN CHOPPING OUR WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE FOR THREE HOURS NOW... ARE YOU **SURE** YOU KNOW THE WAY TO **RODENSKI'S** GUERRILLA CAMP?

YES! YOU COME WITH US LITTLE BIT FURTHER, SIR... WE SHOW YOU!

A HALF-MILE BEYOND... AT THE EDGE OF THE IRRAWADDY RIVER...

WHAT GOES ON HERE, ANYWAY? FROM WHAT I HEARD IN RANGOON, THE HEADQUARTERS OF **RODENSKI'S** COMMUNIST GUERRILLAS WAS IN THE JUNGLE! HOW COME YOU'VE TAKEN ME TO A BATTERED OLD TUB LIKE **THAT?**

THAT IS **OUR** HEADQUARTERS!

KEEP MOVING... OUR CHIEF WILL BE INTERESTED IN MEETING THE FOREIGNER WHO SEEKS **RODENSKI!**

NO NEED TO GUESS **THIS** SETUP...I'VE FALLEN IN WITH A CREW OF **GUN-RUNNERS!**



WOW! JUDGING FROM THE HARD-BOILED CHARACTERS ALL AROUND ME...MEETING THE NO. 1 MAN OF THIS OUTFIT IS GOING TO **BE** SOMETHING!



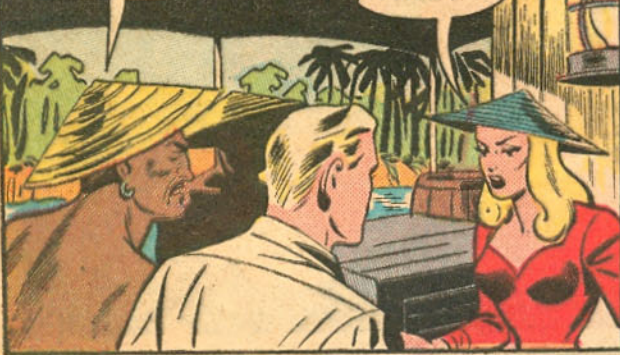
OVER THERE! OUR CHIEF READY TO SPEAK!

A GIRL! I'VE HAD MANY A JOLT DURING MY FIVE YEARS AS A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT...BUT **NOW** I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!



LADY MOONLIGHT... THIS IS THE AMERICAN WHO WISHES TO FIND **RODENSKI!**

QUIET! HOW MANY GUNS HAVE YOU...WHERE ARE THEY...AND AT WHAT PRICE?



LOOK, BABY...SOMEONE'S GIVEN YOU A STRICTLY PHONY STEER! I'M MITCH COOPER, A MAGAZINE WRITER...AND THE ONLY GUN I'D KNOW ABOUT IS THE ONE YOUR BOYS GRABBED FROM ME!



THAT MAY BE...BUT IN THE PAST, FOREIGNERS HAVE HAD ONE MISSION WHEN THEY COME TO THE JUNGLE SEEKING OUT **GIERRILLA CHIEFS!**

THEY COME TO SELL GUNS...AND I DO NOT LIKE COMPETITION! THESE WEAPONS ARE FOR **RODENSKI**, WHENEVER HE CAN PAY FOR THEM...AND I CAN BE LIKE A TIGRESS TOWARD ANYONE WHO TRIES TO UNDERSELL ME!

I GUESS THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO EXPLAIN THAT I WAS ASSIGNED TO FIND **RODENSKI'S** CAMP...AND GET THE LOWDOWN ON WHETHER HE'S REALLY LEADING A **COMMUNIST** FACTION!



AFTER ALL, SWEETHEART...YOU'VE GIVEN ME SOMETHING **ELSE** TO WONDER ABOUT! WITH NINE DIFFERENT FACTIONS BRAWLING IN THE **BURMESE** CIVIL WAR...HOW COME YOU'RE PEDDLING GUNS TO A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER LIKE **RODENSKI?**

YANKEE, I SELL TO **ANY** FACTION THAT HAS SILVER DOLLARS TO EXCHANGE FOR GUNS! WHAT MATTERS TO ME IS **MONEY**...AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE GROUP THAT PAYS MOST FOR MY WEAPONS WILL BE THE GROUP THAT **WINS!**



HEY...WE'RE PUTTING OUT FROM SHORE! YOU CAN'T DO THAT, HONEYBUNCH...I'VE GOT A STORY TO WRITE!

BUT PERHAPS YOU SHOULD NOT WASTE A STORY ON A MINOR REBEL LIKE RODENSKI! PERHAPS YOU SHOULD WRITE ABOUT A PERSONAGE WHOSE VERY WHIMS CAN CHANGE THE HISTORY OF BURMA...
LADY MOONLIGHT!



HOURS LATER...AS THE STERN-WHEELER PUFFS AGAINST THE SLUGGISH CURRENT...

YEP, IT'S PROBABLY GOOD BUSINESS TO SELL GUNS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER...EVEN WHEN HE'S A SLAVONIAN AGENT ASSIGNED TO KEEP BURMA IN A STATE OF UNREST...BUT DON'T YOU HAVE ANY FEELINGS ABOUT **PRINCIPLE, MOON-LIGHT?**

FEELINGS? MERELY A SIGN OF WEAKNESS...AND SOMETHING I WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT!



Then...



FOR JUST A MOMENT...LADY MOONLIGHT YIELDS TO THE ARM AROUND HER WAIST!

THIS ONE OF YOUR WEAK MOMENTS, SWEETHEART?

NO...JUST A TROUBLESOME ONE! THE SHIP'S RUN AGROUND ON A SAND BAR!



BOGGED DOWN SOLID, HEY? HONEY, IT'S GOING TO BE MORE THAN TROUBLESOME IF A GOVERNMENT PATROL BOAT COMES NOSING AROUND!

BEFORE YOU GET TOO HOPEFUL, MY FRIEND...HAVEN'T YOU WONDERED WHY I'M CARRYING THAT PILE OF **SUGAR CANE?**



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES...

GOOD GOSH...LOOK! IS THAT AN ELEPHANT?

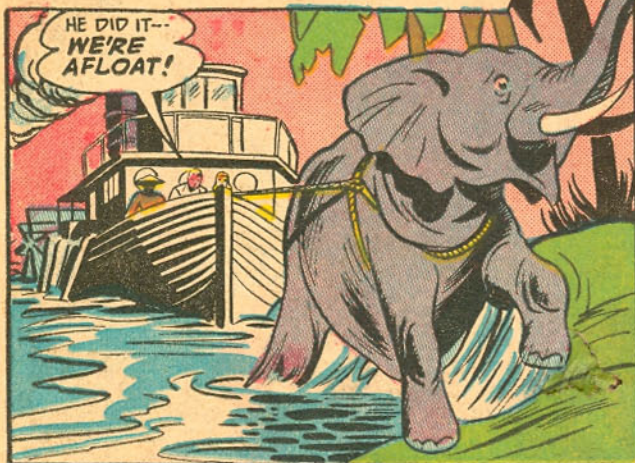
WHAT ELSE?



CRIMPERS, MOONLIGHT...THAMA DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE WORKED ON MY FATHER'S TEAKWOOD PLANTATION YEARS BEFORE I WAS BORN...AND EVER SINCE I INHERITED HIM, I'VE TRAINED HIM TO BE **USEFUL!**



FOR A SECOND, THE ROPE CREAKS UNDER THE STRAIN---
BUT WITH FIVE TONS OF MUSCLE CALLED INTO PLAY---



A WALKING BULLDOZER'S MIGHTY CONVENIENT,
MOONLIGHT---BUT I'D HATE TO RELY ON AN
ELEPHANT IN A **REAL** PINCH!



SOON AFTERWARD---

I SUPPOSE THERE'S MANY A
CHARACTER AROUND HERE
CARRYING THE TORCH FOR
YOU, MOONLIGHT---BUT
WHO ARE **THEY**?

**RODENSKI'S
SCOUTS**---

WAITING TO
ESCORT ME TO
HIS CAMP FOR A FINAL
BARGAINING SESSION
ABOUT MY **GUNS**!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO SEE
RODENSKI **ALONE**? BABY---ONE
OF THESE DAYS YOU'RE GOING TO
LEARN THAT TRUSTING A
COMMUNIST
DOESN'T
PAY OFF!

I TOLD YOU ONCE
THAT DOESN'T
MATTER---AS LONG
AS **RODENSKI**
PAYS OFF!



I AM READY! TAKE THE HONORABLE
ME TO RODENSKI! LADY MOONLIGHT
DESERVES SPECIAL
CONSIDERATION---

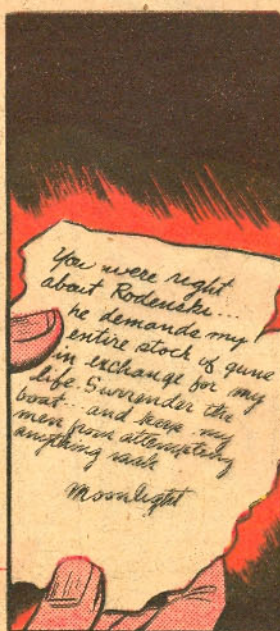


---AND OUR MASTER
RODENSKI HAS ORDERED
SHE BE **CARRIED**!



IT'S A TRICK!
PILE OUT ON
DECK!





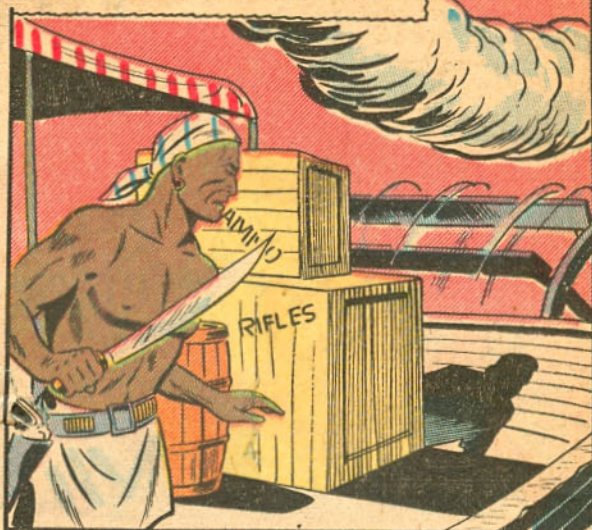
MINUTES LATER... AS MOONLIGHT'S MEN WATCH THEIR SHIP CHURN TOWARD MIDSTREAM...



TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF GUNS...AND A GOOD SHIP! ONLY LADY MOONLIGHT WOULD BE WORTH THE PRICE!

EVEN THE AMERICAN REALIZES HOW HELPLESS WE ARE NOW...WITH NOTHING BUT PISTOLS AND RIFLES! HE HAS SLIPPED AWAY... HE IS RETURNING TO THE SAFETY OF RANGOON!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT...ABOARD SHIP...



WOOSH!



UGH!

SOK!



O.K., CHUM... TAKE A DIVE AND COOL OFF!

POW!

SOON AFTERWARD...AT RODENSKI'S CAMP...



THERE'S WHAT YOU WANTED, RODENSKI... MY SHIP AND THE ENTIRE CARGO OF GUNS! NOW...I'M READY FOR MY FREEDOM!

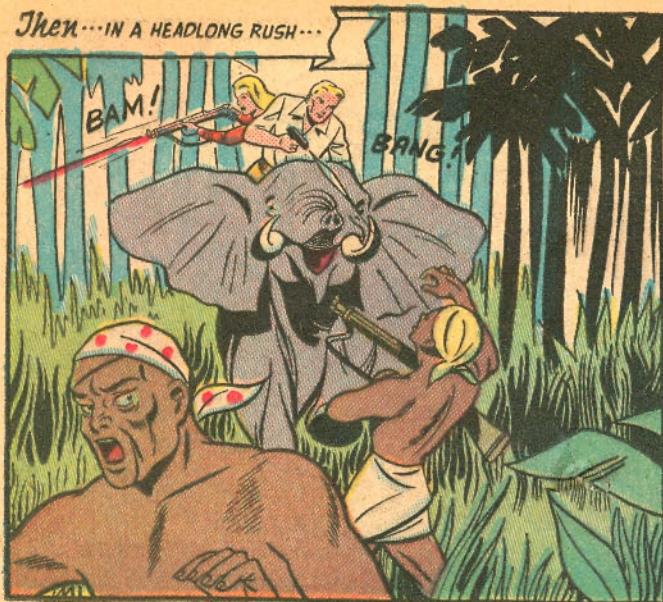
RODENSKI NEVER RESORTS TO HALF MEASURES! OH-HO, YES...I WILL KEEP MY PROMISE...AND GIVE LITTLE MOONLIGHT THE UNLIMITED FREEDOM OF A **FIRING SQUAD!**

YOU LIAR! YOU SPAWN OF THE COBRA!

WHAT A PITY...WHAT A PITY THAT ONE SO BEAUTIFUL SHOULD HAVE TAKEN UP A TRADE SO UGLY! IT MEANS I MUST SNUFF OUT YOUR LIFE IN ORDER TO SNUFF OUT THE FLOW OF WEAPONS TO THE GROUPS THAT **OPPOSE A COMMUNIST BURMA!**



Then...IN A HEADLONG RUSH...



A HALF-HOUR LATER...



MIGHT AS WELL WISH FOR A SUBMARINE, MITCH! EVERY WEAPON WE'VE GOT, EXCEPT OUR PERSONAL SIDEARMS, IS NOW IN RODENSKI'S HANDS! NO, IT'S USELESS...WE HAVEN'T A THING BIG ENOUGH TO STOP HIM!

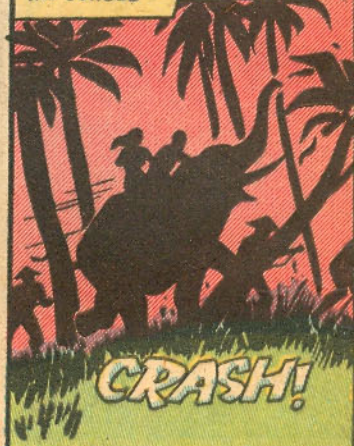


NOT EVEN THAMA?

THAMA! IF WE CAN GET TO THAT BLUFF SOON ENOUGH... MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!



IN A WILD DASH THROUGH THE JUNGLE...



SOON AFTERWARD...

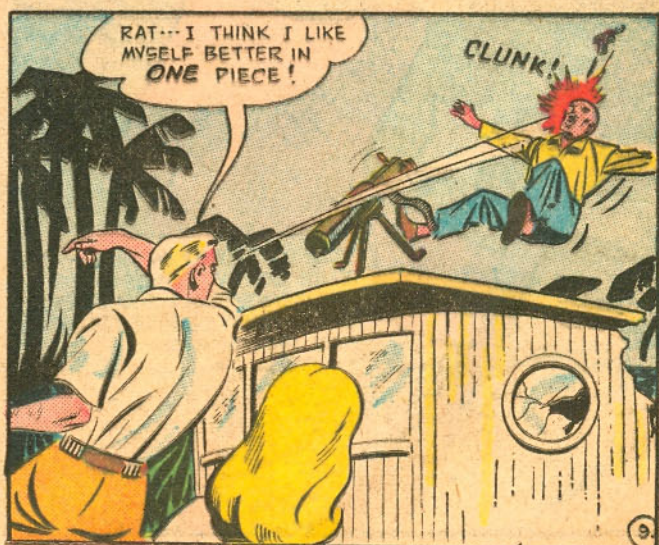
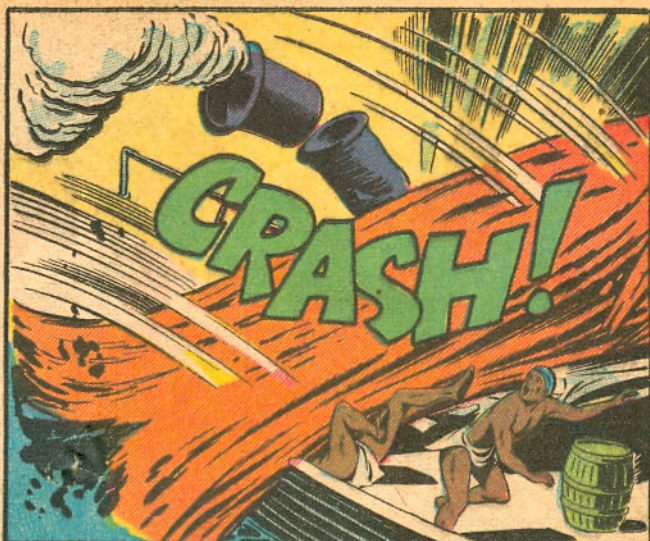
THERE SHE COMES, MOONLIGHT! NOW WHAT?

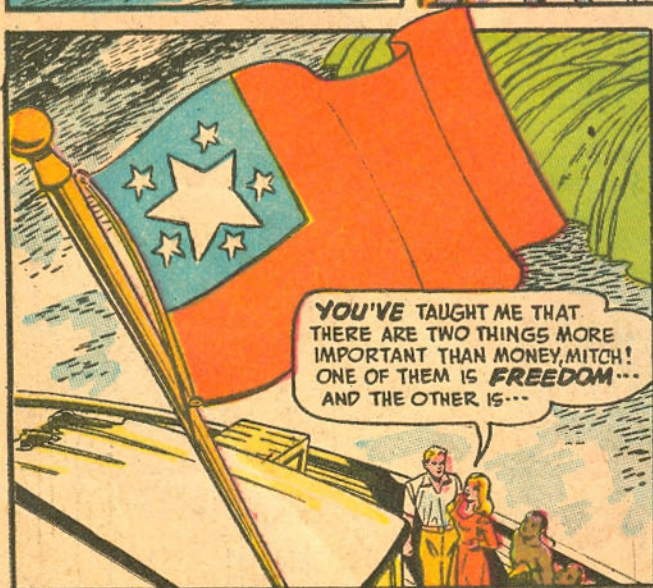
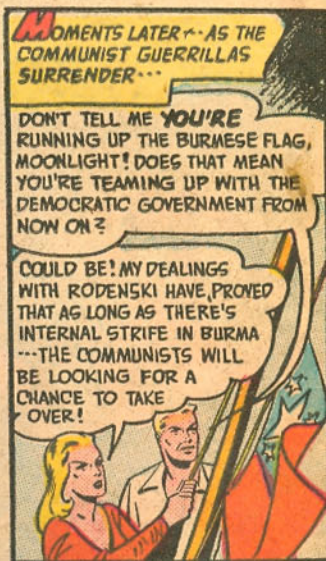
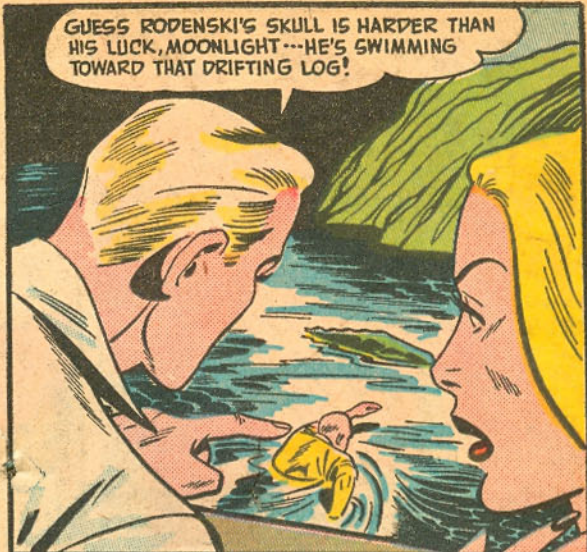
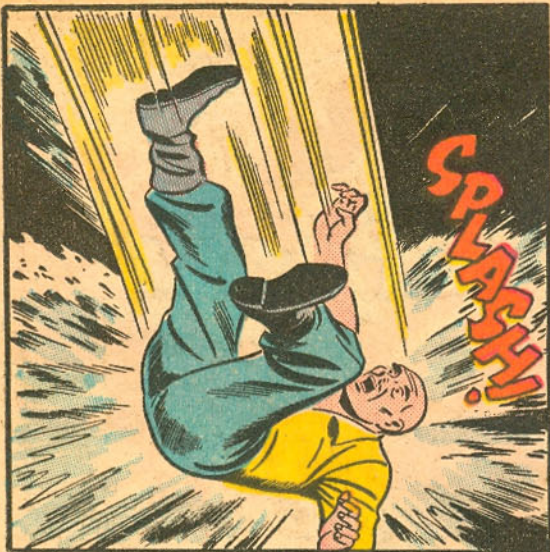
THAT DEPENDS ON THAMA!



PUSH AGAINST THE TREE, THAMA! PUSH IT DOWN!







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PASSPORT to PERIL

COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT Hugh Corbin checked into the Hotel Parsee in Istanbul, registered...and watched the Turkish clerk's eyebrows go up as he read the name. Glancing back as he followed the swarthy bellhop up the stairs to his room, Hugh saw the clerk furtively speaking into the desk phone---and he knew that the intricate plot had been set into motion.

Hidden somewhere in the city, Hugh knew, was Dr. Ivor Czinczar, the famous Slavic atomic scientist who had recently escaped from behind the Iron Curtain and was now being sheltered by friends in Istanbul. Through many intermediaries, U. S. Counter-Espionage had learned of his desire to seek sanctuary in America---but Hugh also knew that there were *too many* intermediaries in spy-infested Istanbul. That was why the scientist's friends were exercising the utmost caution before they turned him over to anyone---because that "anyone" might be an agent of the dread secret police from whose clutches Czinczar had escaped. And that was why Hugh Corbin was the man selected to escort the scientist to America.

Czinczar's friends had said that they would hand him over only to the person who produced a genuine U. S. passport made out in the scientist's name---because they knew that authentic U. S. passports, genuine down to the last watermarked detail, without any forgeries or erasures, could be obtained only by a genuine U. S. official. So that the passport in Hugh's pocket was the only passport to Czinczar himself---and if it ever fell into the hands of the Iron Curtain secret police, *they* could present the passport to the scientist's colleagues and get him back in their clutches.

The chief thing worrying Hugh now as he sat in his room was that he had no idea who would soon be calling on him to guide him to Czinczar's hideout. There could

have been a leak in the plot anywhere from the desk clerk and the hotel operator down the line to Czinczar's friends. Hugh would *have* to be sure that the guide who would come for him would not lead him into an ambush on the way, steal the passport, and lure the scientist back into captivity---and certain death!"

A sudden knock on the door interrupted Hugh's reverie---and he opened the door to admit a cheerful, gangling American. "Corbin?" the man said, "Hiya---I'm Jim Cartwright, World-Wide Press reporter---and a friend of Czinczar's! I saw him only this morning---he's really anxious to get to the U. S. A.! Do you have the passport?"

"Sure thing," Hugh said, handing the passport over. "And I'm certainly glad they sent a fellow-American to guide me to Czinczar---I know I can trust *you*!"

Cartwright looked carefully through the passport, held it up to the light to examine the watermark, glanced at the photograph---and casually handed it back to Hugh. "Seems all right---come on, I'll guide you to Czinczar's hideaway. But we'll have to use the back alleys in case any of his enemies found out you're here!"

Hugh grinned. "*You're* one of those enemies, Cartwright! You forgot that no U. S. official ever saw Czinczar, and so we placed one of *Einstein's* old photos in the passport---until we could get Czinczar's picture and insert it! And if you were *really* a friend of Czinczar's and saw him this morning, then you would've *known* the passport wasn't all right! That proves you're just a traitorous American who sold out to the Iron Curtain police to lure me into an ambush in those back alleys---no, you *don't*!"

Hugh's fist lashed out, caught Cartwright in the solar plexus as he tried to draw a gun---and then Hugh laid him out cold with an uppercut. *Now*, he knew, he could wait for Czinczar's *real* friends to show up!

JONATHAN KENT,

ESPIONAGE ACE

HERE'S ANOTHER PHASE OF THE RED "PEACE" OFFENSIVE, CHIEF--THE ARREST OF A PROMINENT AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN, FRANK SUMTER, IN COMMUNIST-DOMINATED UVANIA! SUMTER'S BEEN CHARGED WITH ESPIONAGE--AND NOW, THREE DAYS AFTER HIS ARREST, RADIO UVANIA ANNOUNCES THAT HIS FULL CONFESSION CAN BE EXPECTED WITHIN A WEEK!

KENT, WE CHECKED CAREFULLY ON SUMTER BEFORE HE WAS GIVEN A VISA TO GO TO UVANIA--AND THE IDEA OF HIS BEING A SPY IS ABURD! IT'S THE USUAL RED PROPAGANDA--CREATING AN AMERICAN SPY SCARE IN EUROPE, SO THAT SLAVONIAN TROOPS CAN TAKE OVER THE "THREATENED" COUNTRIES!

THE AREA BEHIND COMMUNISM'S IRON CURTAIN IS A NETWORK OF MENACING MYSTERIES --AND THE MOST SINISTER OF ALL IS THE MYSTERY OF HOW "CONFESSIONS" ARE WRUNG FROM INNOCENT MEN! ANOTHER VICTIM IS ABOUT TO BABBLE A WILD STORY OF HIS GUILT IN A FANTASTIC "PLOT" AGAINST COMMUNISM--UNTIL JONATHAN KENT SEIZES UPON A DARING METHOD TO UNMASK A DIABOLICAL DEVICE OF RED PROPAGANDA!



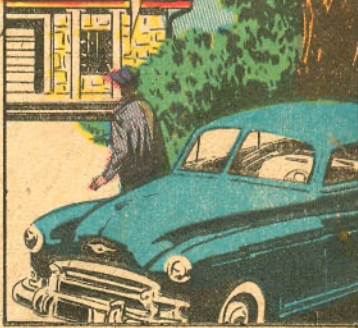
SURE, THE CHARGES AGAINST SUMTER ARE PURE BUNK--BUT HIS CASE WON'T, BE ANY DIFFERENT THAN THE ONES THE COMMUNISTS HAVE BUILT UP IN THE PAST AGAINST DIPLOMATS, RELIGIOUS LEADERS, AND JOURNALISTS! THEY'LL MAKE SUMTER TALK--BECAUSE THEY'VE HAD LONG EXPERIENCE IN WRINGING SIMILAR "CONFESSIONS" FROM OTHER INNOCENT PRISONERS!

AND IT'LL ALL GO ON AND ON, KENT--UNLESS WE FIND SOME WAY TO HELP SUMTER!

HE SEEMS TO HAVE A DAUGHTER, KAY, LIVING HERE IN WASHINGTON! PROVING SUMTER'S INNOCENCE WON'T HELP MUCH IF THE COMMUNISTS ARE DETERMINED TO RAILROAD HIM--BUT I'M GOING TO SEE HOW MUCH KAY KNOWS ABOUT HER FATHER'S ARREST!

SOON AFTERWARD--AT THE SUMTER HOME--

SPEAKING TO KAY MAY BE STRICTLY A WASTE OF TIME! I'VE GOT MY OWN WAY OF HELPING SUMTER--BUT IT'S A SURE BET THE CHIEF WILL NEVER O.K. IT!





A MOMENT LATER--

THEY'RE GONE! IT'S MY FAULT--BUT I WANTED TO WARN YOU!

I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR NOT TRYING, SWEET-HEART--WHEN IT MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN BOTH OF US PLUGGED! BUT WHAT IN BLAZES WERE COMMUNIST AGENTS DOING HERE?



THE SPIES WANTED ONLY ONE THING--A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM CONTAINING PICTURES OF ME! THEY TOLD ME IT WOULD MEAN LENIENCY WHEN MY FATHER WAS SENTENCED FOR ESPIONAGE--BUT THAT HE'D DEFINITELY GO TO THE GALLOWES IF I REPORTED THEIR VISIT TO THE AUTHORITIES!



I'M POSITIVE THOSE COMMUNIST SPIES WEREN'T BLUFFING--SO I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP ANY HOPE OF EVER SEEING FATHER AGAIN!

BABY, THE COUNTER-ESPIONAGE SERVICE CAN'T WORK MIRACLES--BUT I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN'T TALK MY BULLHEADED CHIEF INTO LETTING ME PROVE YOU'RE WRONG!



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS--

YOU WANT TO GO TO UVANIA? BLAZES, KENT--YOU WOULDN'T GET WITHIN FIVE HUNDRED MILES OF COMMUNIST-HELD TERRITORY BEFORE THEIR SECURITY POLICE WOULD KNOW AN AMERICAN AGENT WAS ON HIS WAY!



YEP--AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'D WANT THEM TO THINK! THOSE RATS ARE HOLDING AN AMERICAN CITIZEN ON A TRUMPED-UP CHARGE--AND IT'S CLEAR THEY WANTED THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS OF KAY SUMTER AS PART OF THEIR PLAN TO WRING A CONFESSION FROM HER FATHER!



THERE'S NO USE TWIDDLING OUR THUMBS AND TRYING TO GUESS HOW THE COMMUNISTS GET THOSE CONFESSIONS--WHEN THE FACT THAT I'VE BLUNDERED INTO THE CASE MAY COST SUMTER HIS LIFE! I WANT TO SAVE HIM BY LEARNING WHAT'S BEHIND THESE PHONY TRIALS--AND PUBLICIZING THE FACTS SO THAT THE SLAVONIANS WON'T BE ABLE TO TRY IT AGAIN!



THAT WOULD BE THE IDEAL SOLUTION, KENT--IF YOU COULD GET PAST SEVERAL THOUSAND COMMUNIST AGENTS WHILE YOU WENT AFTER IT!

I DON'T EXPECT TO GET PAST THEM, CHIEF! I WANT TO ROUND UP MY INFORMATION FIRSTHAND--BY GETTING MYSELF ARRESTED FOR ESPIONAGE!



THE SPIES WHO CAME TO SEE KAY ALREADY KNOW MY NAME--AND THE FACT THAT I LEARNED WHAT THEY WERE AFTER! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS BEAM A SHORT WAVE BULLETIN OVER THAT WAVE LENGTH THE SLAVONIANS HAVE BEEN TAPPING FOR SEVERAL MONTHS! SO FAR, WE'VE BEEN FEEDING THEM A LOT OF FAKE INFORMATION AND BUM STEERS--BUT THIS TIME, THEY'RE GOING TO GET IT STRAIGHT!



NEXT NIGHT, A MESSAGE IS INTERCEPTED AT AN OLD CASTLE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A UVANIAN CITY--NOW THE MOST DREADED BUILDING IN MID-EUROPE--THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE SLAVONIAN SECRET POLICE!



INSIDE--WITH EVERY INCH OF THE BARE WALLS A SILENT WITNESS OF WHAT BEFALLS THE VICTIMS OF COMMUNIST TYRANNY--

IT WON'T WORK--IT WON'T WORK! YOU CAN UNDERMINE MY SANITY AND BREAK MY WILL POWER-- BUT I WON'T CONFESS!



COME, COME, MR. SUMTER--IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK? HAVE YOU BEEN MISTREATED--HAS ANYONE HERE SO MUCH AS SPOKEN HARSHLY TO YOU? CAN YOU EVEN SAY YOU HAVE BEEN DRUGGED-- WHEN I, COLONEL MAXIMOV, PERMIT YOU TO DINE WITH MY OWN GUARDS?

SO YOU ARE MAXIMOV--THE HEART-LESS DEMON WHO WAS ASSIGNED TO GET MY CONFESSION!



AT THAT MOMENT--

EXCUSE THE INTERRUPTION, COLONEL--BUT OUR RADIO MONITOR JUST PICKED UP A MESSAGE YOU MAY WISH TO ACT ON!

"AGENT JONATHAN KENT WILL LAND ONE MILE SOUTH OF TEMPLANA AT FIFTEEN HOURS APRIL THIRD! BE ON HAND TO ASSIST!" ...AH, YES, CAPTAIN--WE WILL ACT ON THIS MOST THOROUGHLY!



FEW DAYS LATER--NEAR THE ROAD TO TEMPLANA--

LOOK--THE AMERICAN AGENT IS PUNCTUAL, LUBINA!

YES--AND FOOL HARDY! HE IS JEOPARDIZING ALL OF US REPUBLICAN GUERRILLAS BY LANDING SO CLOSE TO THE SECRET POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS!



I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON THE SLAVONIANS TO INTERCEPT OUR RADIO MESSAGE TO A NON-EXISTENT AGENT! I'LL BE LANDING SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THEM IN AN OTHER MINUTE--AND I HOPE THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY NEW DIRECTIVES ABOUT SHOOTING SPIES ON SIGHT!



THEN--AS JONATHAN LANDS--

HOLY SMOKE--THEY'RE FRIENDLY GUERRILLAS! I'VE ARRANGED TO GET MYSELF CAUGHT--AND IT MEANS SETTING A TRAP FOR THEM!



AS THE GUERRILLAS RUSH FORWARD--

BLAZES--HERE COMES A SLAVONIAN COMMAND CAR! I CAN'T SHOUT A WARNING WITHOUT REVEALING I'M NOT ALONE--AND ONCE THEY REACH ME, THE GUERRILLAS WON'T STAND A CHANCE OF ESCAPING!



SURELY THAT AMERICAN AGENT CAN'T MISTAKE US FOR COMMUNISTS! IS HE CRAZY?

THERE IS SOMETHING VERY PECULIAR GOING ON! WATCH!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



WELL--THAT'S THAT! I HAD HALF A MIND TO SHOOT IT OUT-- BUT I GUESS IT'S USELESS!

A VERY WISE DECISION, MR. KENT!



SO YOU KNOW MY NAME ALREADY, EH? THAT'S FAST WORK, BUD!

MERELY THE COURTESY WE TRY TO EXTEND TO ALL AMERICAN SPIES! YOU HAVE UNDOUBTEDLY COME TO LIVANIA TO PICK UP INFORMATION--AND WE ARE GOING TO GIVE YOU EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN ABOUT OUR LATEST MILITARY DEVELOPMENTS BEFORE YOUR TRIAL! ARE YOU READY TO LEAVE?



HE WAS WAITING FOR THAT DOG MAXIMOV TO PICK HIM UP! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, LUBINA!

NOTHING IS UNBELIEVABLE WHEREVER COMMUNISTS SPREAD THEIR SLIMY INTRIGUES! KENT MAY BE POSING AS AN AMERICAN AGENT--BUT HE IS ONE OF THEM--A COMMUNIST IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO BE MET BY MAXIMOV HIMSELF!



MINUTES LATER--

NOW IT'S GOING TO START GETTING RUGGED! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, I'VE GOT TO HOLD OUT WITHOUT REVEALING THE REAL REASON FOR MY COMING TO LIVANIA--AND SOMEHOW GET NEXT TO SUMNER LONG ENOUGH TO ARRANGE AN ESCAPE FOR US BOTH!



SOON AFTERWARD--IN THE SPRAWLING CASTLE COURT--

OUR LATEST MODEL ILYUSHIN FIGHTER! IT SENDS OUT SHOCK WAVES TIMED TO THE JET BURSTS OF YOUR MUSTANGS--WHICH WILL BE TORN APART BEFORE THEY ARE WITHIN GUN RANGE!

LISTEN, CHUM--ALL THIS IS VERY INTERESTING, BUT WHAT'S THE ANGLE? I DON'T WANT TO SEEM RUDE--BUT HOSPITALITY AND EXECUTION SQUADS ARE A PRETTY QUEER COMBINATION!



YOU ARE WAITING TO BE QUESTIONED, EH? YOU ARE PERHAPS GETTING A LITTLE NERVOUS, WONDERING WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU? BUT NOTHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU, MR. KENT! YOU WILL SEE EVERYTHING-- YOU WILL RECEIVE EVERY CONSIDERATION--AND THEN YOU WILL SIGN A CONFESSION!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT--AS THE PILOT FLICKS A SWITCH IN THE SEALED COCKPIT--



MY EARS! THERE'S SOME KIND OF PRESSURE--STOP IT--STOP IT!

THEN--AS THE PLANE ENGINE WHINES TO A HALT--



AH, HOW CARELESS OF ME TO DEMONSTRATE THE SHOCK WAVE WITHOUT PROVIDING COTTON FOR YOUR EARS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MR. KENT?

MY EAR DRUMS WOULD HAVE BURST IN ANOTHER TEN SECONDS! RAT--I'M BEGINNING TO LATCH ON TO YOUR TECHNIQUE!



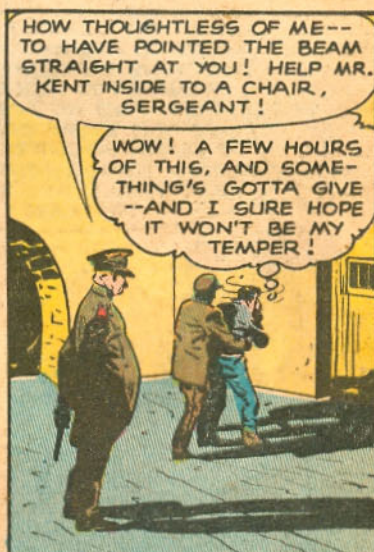
A MOMENT LATER-- HERE IS ANOTHER DEVICE THAT WILL INTEREST YOU! AS YOU CAN GUESS, TEN THOUSAND CANDLE POWER ANTI-AIRCRAFT SEARCHLIGHTS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A PROBLEM-- ESPECIALLY WITH A LARGE, VULNERABLE LENS!

OH-HO, NO-- YOU DON'T GET ME TO LOOK AT THAT THING, CHUM!



BUT THIS IS THE NEW PORTABLE SEARCHLIGHT I MEAN TO HAVE YOU SEE, MR. KENT!

AAAGH!

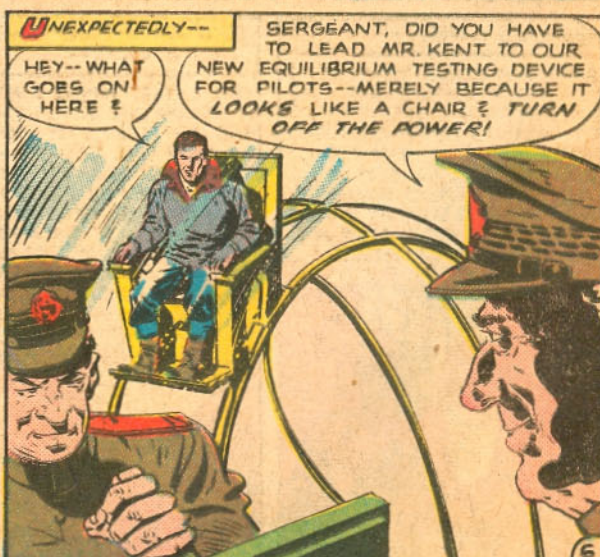


HOW THOUGHTLESS OF ME-- TO HAVE POINTED THE BEAM STRAIGHT AT YOU! HELP MR. KENT INSIDE TO A CHAIR, SERGEANT!

WOW! A FEW HOURS OF THIS, AND SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE --AND I SURE HOPE IT WON'T BE MY TEMPER!



I CAN'T EXPECT MAXIMOV TO GIVE ME A BREAK THIS SOON--BUT THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT NEW ANGLE HE HAS UP HIS SLEEVE, UNTIL THE SPOTS DISAPPEAR FROM IN FRONT OF MY EYES!



UNEXPECTEDLY--

HEY--WHAT GOES ON HERE?

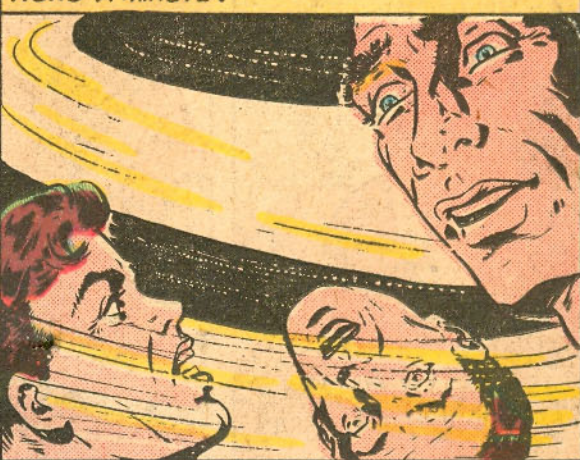
SERGEANT, DID YOU HAVE TO LEAD MR. KENT TO OUR NEW EQUILIBRIUM TESTING DEVICE FOR PILOTS--MERELY BECAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE A CHAIR? TURN OFF THE POWER!

IN THE NEXT SPLIT SECOND--

ACH, WHAT A PITY FOR POOR MR. KENT! THE FOOL TURNED THE POWER ON **FULL--** AND THE APPARATUS RUNS AUTOMATICALLY FOR FIVE MINUTES!



FIVE MINUTES--BUT MINUTES THAT SEEM AN ETERNITY WHILE THE BREATH IS SUCKED FROM JONATHAN'S LUNGS--WHILE HIS ENTIRE BODY CHURNS AND STRAINS AT A HUNDRED REVOLUTIONS A MINUTE!



THEN--

I--I CAN'T STAND! THE WHOLE ROOM'S UPSIDE DOWN!

WHAT A HORRIBLE BLUNDER--ESPECIALLY WHEN THE CONDITION MAY BECOME **PERMANENT!** SERGEANT, MR. KENT BADLY NEEDS REST--SHOW HIM TO HIS QUARTERS!



GROGGY AS I AM--I MUSTN'T LET MYSELF BE TRICKED INTO BELIEVING MAXIMOV'S ACTUALLY GOING TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO REST! **THIS** MAY BE THE PAYOFF--AND I'D BETTER BRACE MYSELF FOR IT!



BUT AS THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT--AND SEVERAL MINUTES PASS--

NOTHING'S HAPPENED--BUT I WONDER WHAT MAXIMOV MEANT WHEN HE HINTED MY FEELING OF BEING **UPSIDE DOWN** MIGHT BE PERMANENT! ANYWAY, I'M TOO NUMB TO THINK ABOUT IT NOW--I COULD SLEEP FOR HOURS--FOR WEEKS...



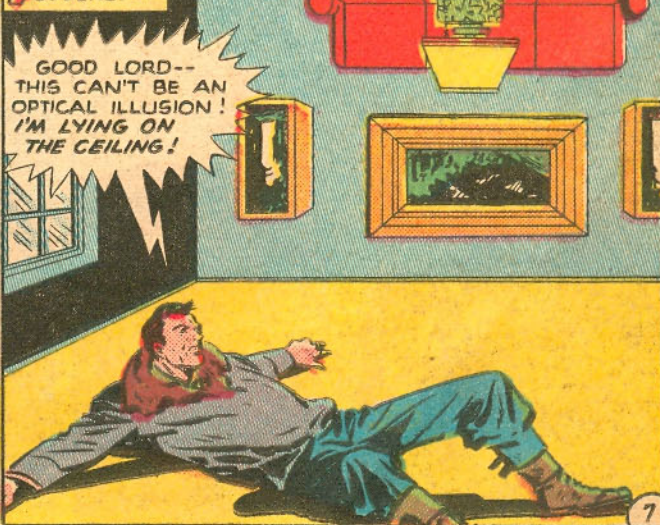
WHEN JONATHAN AWAKENS--

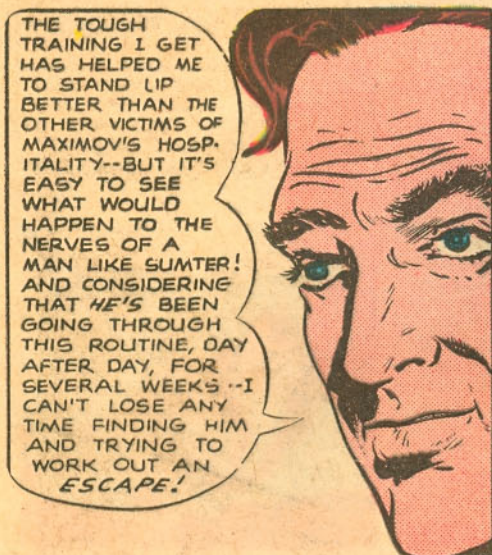
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT--BUT MAXIMOV'S KEPT HIS WORD! HE'S ACTUALLY GIVEN ME AT LEAST SIX HOURS' REST!



RUDDENLY--

GOOD LORD--THIS CAN'T BE AN OPTICAL ILLUSION! I'M LYING ON THE **CEILING!**





JONATHAN--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY COMMUNIST AGENTS BOTHERED TO KIDNAP ME! NOW THAT I'VE BEEN FLOWN TO UVANIA--ALL COLONEL MAXIMOV SEEMS TO HAVE IN MIND IS THE NEW SECRET ARMY EQUIPMENT HE'S READY TO SHOW ME!

LOOK, RAT--I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR GIVING ME THE BUSINESS--BUT WHY KAY? ALL YOU'VE WANTED FROM HER WERE THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS...



FOR A SECOND, JONATHAN STOPS SHORT--JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR A SUDDEN REALIZATION!

WHAT'S THE USE, BABY--I CAN SEE WHAT MAXIMOV HAS IN MIND! HIS SPIES PROBABLY TRICKED YOU INTO REVEALING I WAS COMING TO UVANIA--AND NOW MAXIMOV THINKS YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU DO!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO TELL THEM, JONATHAN--BUT I WAS SO SCARED WHEN THEY RUSHED ME TO THE PLANE, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS SAYING! I'M STILL CONFUSED--BUT YOU'VE GOT TO PERSUADE THEM TO LET US SEE FATHER!



HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO HAND OUT A LITTLE OF THAT CONSIDERATION YOU MENTIONED, MAXIMOV! I WANT TO SPEAK TO KAY ALONE!

CERTAINLY--I WOULDN'T THINK OF INTRUDING! TAKE AS LONG AS YOU WANT--AND IF YOU'RE AFRAID OF BEING OVERHEARD, TALK IN WHISPERS!



A MOMENT LATER--

KAY, YOU'RE PLAYING RIGHT INTO MAXIMOV'S HANDS BY ASKING TO SEE YOUR FATHER! DON'T YOU REALIZE IT'LL WRECK WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS MORALE--TO SEE AN AMERICAN AGENT IN MY CONDITION? HIS LAST RESISTANCE TO MAXIMOV'S WAR OF NERVES WOULD GIVE WAY --AND THE REDS WOULD HAVE THE CONFESSIONS THEY'VE WANTED!

I KNOW YOU CAN'T FEEL ANY OTHER WAY ABOUT IT, JONATHAN --BUT I'D BE READY TO CONFESS ANYTHING IF IT MEANT HELPING FATHER!



COME ON-- MAXIMOV WANTS YOU!

LET ME GO! I CAN'T LEAVE KAY ALONE--I CAN'T LET YOU MAKE HER A NERVOUS WRECK!



I HAVE ALL I CAN DO TO KEEP MYSELF FROM PUSHING THAT FAT FACE IN--BUT NOW WOULD BE A BAD TIME TO DROP MY ACT--JUST WHEN THINGS ARE STARTING TO GO MY WAY!



MR. KENT, I HAVE NO INTENTION OF LIMITING YOUR SOCIAL ACTIVITY! NOW THAT YOU'VE HAD A RE-UNION WITH KAY SUMTER--IT'S TIME YOU MET HER FATHER!

JUST A MEETING OF TWO CHATTERING WRECKS, EH? YOU OUGHT TO ENJOY THAT, RAT!



IN A SMALL ROOM DEEP INSIDE THE CASTLE--

YOU'RE KENT--THE COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT THEY CAPTURED! THEY TOLD ME ABOUT YOU--THEY TOLD ME THEY'VE GOT KAY...

TAKE IT EASY, SUMTER!



AS THE GUARD'S FOOTSTEPS FADE IN THE CORRIDOR--

NOW LISTEN! MAXIMOV EXPECTS YOU TO REACH A BREAKING POINT BY HAVING ME TOTTER IN--AND THEN HAVING KAY PLEAD WITH YOU TO SIGN THAT CONFESSION! BUT GET THIS STRAIGHT--I'M NOT THE FOOL MAXIMOV THINKS I AM--AND THE GIRL ISN'T KAY!

ARE YOU AN AMERICAN AGENT? I KNOW SHE'S KAY --I WAS WATCHING FROM THE WINDOW WHEN SHE GOT OUT OF THE CAR!

YOU'RE ONE OF MAXIMOV'S MEN--AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S TRYING TO DRIVE ME TO THE BREAKING POINT!

SLAP!

SORRY, SUMTER--BUT YOU'VE GOT TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! THE GIRL IS KAY'S **DOUBLE**--CHOSEN AFTER THE SLAVONIANS MADE A CAREFUL STUDY OF THE DOZENS OF PHOTOGRAPHS THEY STOLE FROM YOUR HOME! I PROVED IT WHEN SHE APOLOGIZED FOR HAVING REVEALED I WAS COMING TO UVANIA--**SOMETHING KAY DIDN'T KNOW!**

I BELIEVE YOU, KENT--NOT THAT IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE! IF **THIS** SCHEME BACKFIRES, MAXIMOV WILL TRY SOMETHING ELSE--HE'LL KEEP SUBJECTING US TO ONE PSYCHOLOGICAL SHOCK AFTER ANOTHER--UNTIL WE **BOTH** SIGN FANTASTIC CONFESSIONS!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO OUTFOX MAXIMOV BY PRETENDING TO BE MUCH FARTHER GONE THAN WE REALLY ARE--AND WATCH FOR THE ONE SLIP-UP THAT WILL GIVE US A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

SUDDENLY--

I'M SORRY, KENT--BUT I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO OPEN YOUR PACKAGE!

PACKAGE!
FOR ME?

IT'S OUR POLICY TO PERMIT KIND-HEARTED CITIZENS OF TEMPLANA TO LEAVE GIFT PARCELS FOR OUR PRISONERS --ESPECIALLY SINCE IT CREATES THE RIGHT KIND OF PROPAGANDA ABOUT COMMUNIST BENEVOLENCE! FORTUNATELY, THE GIRL WHO LEFT THIS PACKAGE FOR YOU WAS SPOTTED AS SHE DROVE OFF--AND IDENTIFIED AS A NOTORIOUS **GUERRILLA LEADER!**

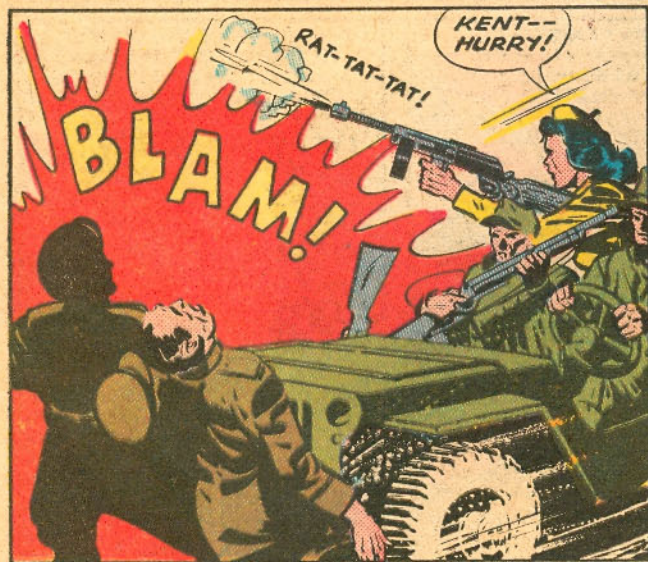
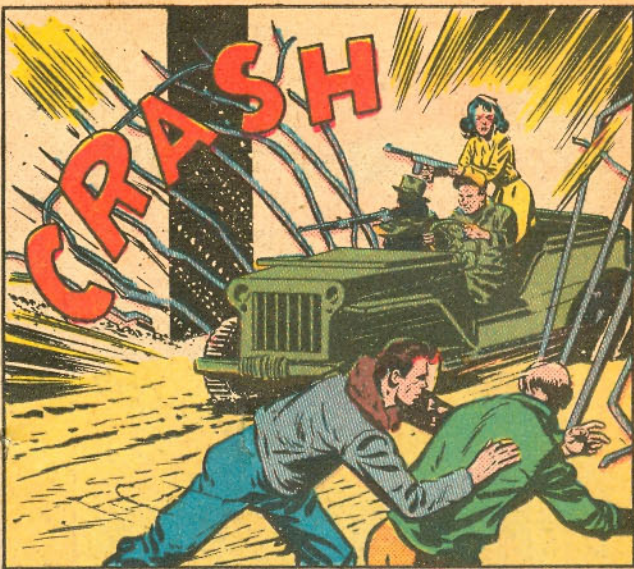
DID YOU SAY A **GIRL** GUERRILLA LEADER?

EXACTLY! I WONDER WHAT SHE TRIED TO ASSIST YOU WITH, KENT! IT FEELS HEAVY--DO YOU SUPPOSE IT COULD BE WEAPONS OF SOME KIND?

IN THE NEXT INSTANT--



A MOMENT LATER--



GUNPLAY *in the* GULF



JOE HARVEY



DINGDONG



FELIPE

BARELY A DOZEN SHIPS A YEAR ENTER THE SEVEN HUNDRED MILE STRETCH OF BLAZING WATER KNOWN AS THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA--WHERE SOLITARY 'SEA BIRDS' WHEEL ABOVE THE FOAMING TRACKS OF HUNTING SHARKS! BUT THERE'S A MENACE FAR DEADLIER THAN SHARKS HAUNTING THIS OUT-POST OF THE SEA--AND THE CREW OF THE "ABALONE" RAM INTO IT FULL TILT WHEN THEY ENCOUNTER GUNPLAY IN THE GULF!

ONE AFTERNOON--ON THE WHARF AT GLAYMAS--

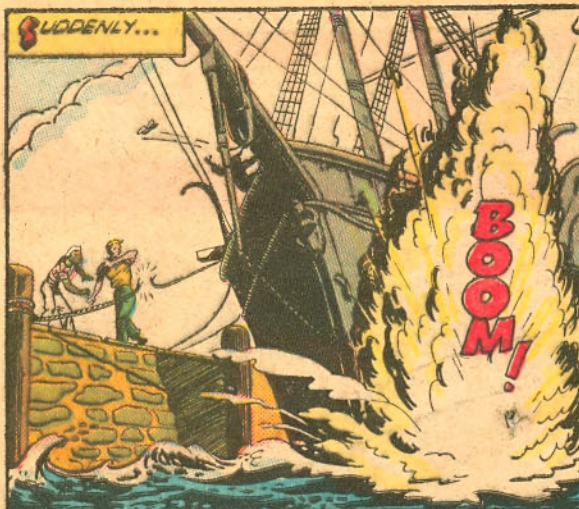
YESSIR, DINGDONG--BUYING THE OLD WHALER THAT'S BEEN TIED UP HERE FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

I'M GOING TO HATE TO GIVE UP THE "ABALONE," JOE-- BUT THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO MAKE SHARK FISHING PAY WHEN YOU CAN CROWD ONLY FIVE OR SIX BIG ONES ABOARD A FIFTY-FOOTER!



HOPE CAPTAIN GOMEZ IS IN A MOOD TO BARGAIN, DINGDONG! WE'VE HAD OUR EYE ON THAT WHALER FOR THREE YEARS--AND IT'S TAKEN A HEAP OF SHARKS TO SCRAPE TOGETHER THE SMALL AMOUNT OF CASH WE CAN OFFER HIM!



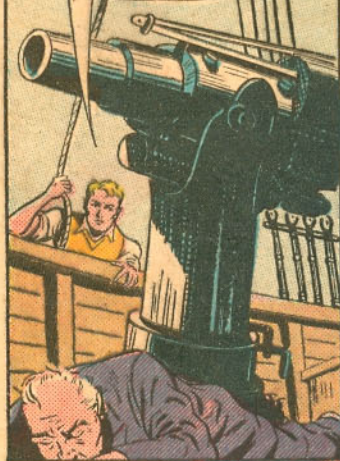


GOSH ALMIGHTY, JOE--THE MOORING LINES HAVE SNAPPED! THE SHIP'S DRIFTING OUT INTO THE GULF!

GOMEZ WILL BE IN A FINE PICKLE IF FIRE BREAKS OUT MEANWHILE! I'M GOING TO GET HIM OFF!

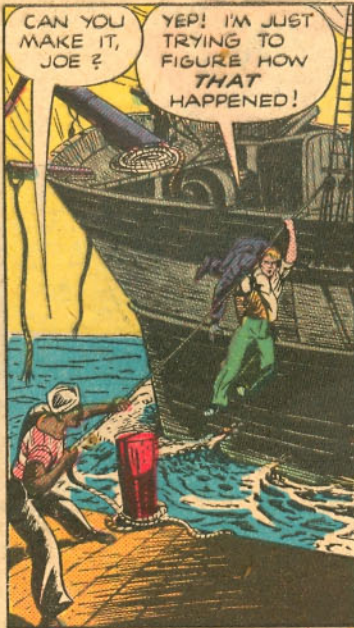


GOOD THING THAT GUN WASN'T READY FOR BUSINESS! THE DYNAMITE CHARGE IN THE HARPOON WOULD HAVE FLATTENED GOMEZ LIKE A TORTILLA!



CAN YOU MAKE IT, JOE?

YEP! I'M JUST TRYING TO FIGURE HOW THAT HAPPENED!



A MOMENT LATER--

IMPOSSIBLE, AMIGO--

WELL, IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A BOILER EXPLOSION--BECAUSE THE SHIP DIDN'T HAVE STEAM UP! THAT LEAVES JUST ONE EXPLANATION--SABOTAGE!

THERE HAS BEEN NO ONE ABOARD BUT MYSELF! BESIDES, WHO WOULD BOTHER TO SABOTAGE AN OLD SHIP LIKE THAT-- WORTH ONLY A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS?



SOON AFTERWARD--

CHEER UP, JOE! IF THE WHALER'S BULKHEADS HOLD, MAYBE SHE WON'T SINK AFTER SHE NOSES OUT INTO THE GULF! AND ANYWAY-- WOULDN'T IT BE KIND OF HARD FOR ALL THREE OF US TO GIVE UP THE "ABALONE"?

SKIP IT...

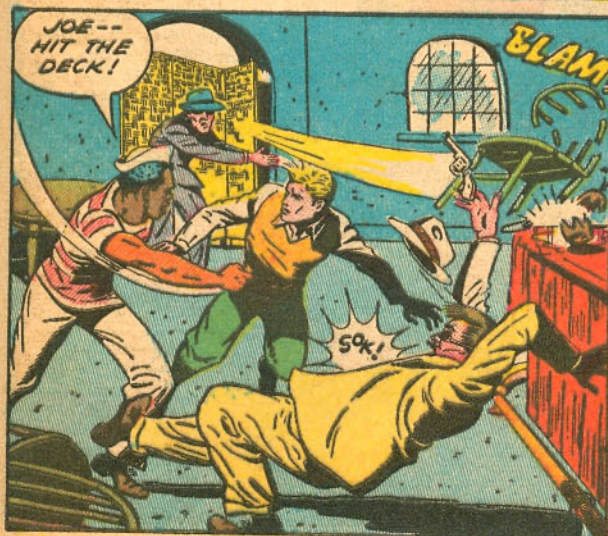
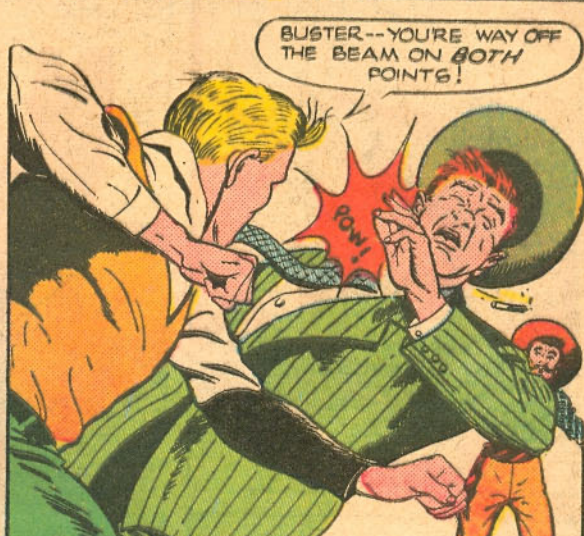
HEY, FELIPE-- GET ON THE HELM! WE'RE PUTTING OUT!

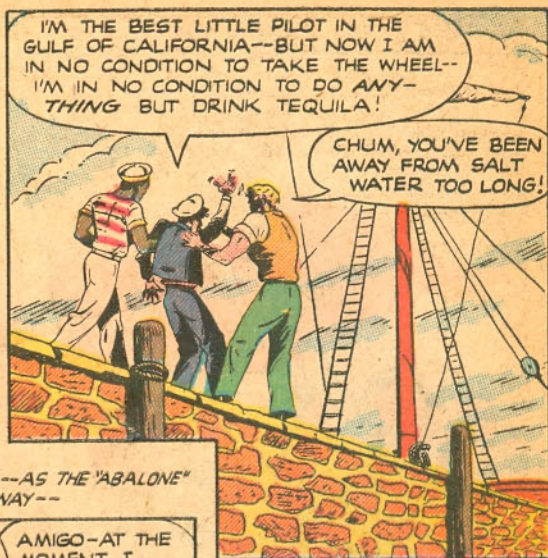


WHERE IN THUNDER IS FELIPE?

JOE, I DIDN'T WANT TO MENTION SOMETHING THAT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS--BUT WHEN I WALKED DOWN THE WHARF TO MEET YOU, I NOTICED A GIRL COME ABOARD! I'LL BET HE LEFT WITH HER!







MINUTES LATER--AS THE "ABALONE" GETS UNDER WAY--



STILL DREEFTING! THE TIDE WILL PROBABLY TAKE HER OUT AS FAR AS RONCADOR REEF BEFORE SHE RUNS AGROUND!





HOLY SMOKE--
WHERE'D HE
COME FROM?

YAAAGH!

I DIDN'T SPOT
HIM UNTIL AFTER
HE YELLED-- THE
SHARK MUST
HAVE JUST
SIGHTED
HIM!

IT'S MOVING AWAY--
AND DRAGGING THAT
POOR DEVIL WITH IT!
PRETTY STRANGE--
I'VE ALWAYS MAN-
AGED TO STOP SHARKS
NEARLY THAT BIG WITH
A SINGLE
BULLET!



TONIGHT I HAVE LEARNED
SOMETHING, AMIGOS! ALWAYS I
HAVE HEARD THE SHARKS IN
THE GULF ARE NOT MAN-EATERS,
BUT NO MORE SWEEMING FOR
FELIPE!



HALF SPEED, FELIPE!
HIS SHIRT'S AFLOAT--
AND IF HE WAS SHIP-
WRECKED, MAYBE WE
CAN LEARN
SOMETHING!

A MOMENT LATER--

THIS PIECE OF PAPER
IN HIS POCKET PLOTS
A COURSE FOR
MONTAGUE ISLAND!
WHAT ABOUT IT,
FELIPE?



MONTAGUE ISLAND? IT'S
AT THE HEAD OF THE GULF--
JUST A LEETLE MORE THAN
A SAND SPIT, NEAR THE
MOUTH OF THE COLORADO
RIVER! THERE COULD BE
A WRECK IN THOSE WATERS,
BUT CAN WE AFFORD A

THREE-DAY
CRUISE TO FIND
OUT?



FELIPE--TAKE A LOOK
AT WHAT'S HAPPENED IN
THE PAST FEW HOURS!
THE WHALER WE WANTED
TO BUY EXPLODES--AND
FOUR SHADY CHARACTERS
TRY TO SHANGHAI YOU
INTO A MYSTERIOUS JOB!
WE MEET AN OVERSIZED
SHARK THAT BULLETS
CAN'T STOP--DRAGGING
UNDER A MAN WHO'S
MILES FROM ANYWHERE
WITHOUT A LIFE JACKET--
AND HE'S CARRYING A
CHART FOR A PART OF THE
GULF THAT NO SHIP EVER
GOES TO! YESSIR, AMIGO,
I WANT A LOOK AT
MONTAGUE ISLAND!

THREE DAYS LATER-- WITH THE HAZY OUTLINE OF
MONTAGUE ISLAND ON THE HORIZON--

IT'S O.K. TO GO SNORTING
AROUND THE GULF LOOKING
FOR A WRECKED SHIP--IF
WE CAN BAG A FEW SHARKS
ON THE WAY! BUT WE HAVEN'T
SIGHTED A SINGLE ONE--IT'S
ALMOST AS IF SOMETHING
HAS SCARED THEM OFF!

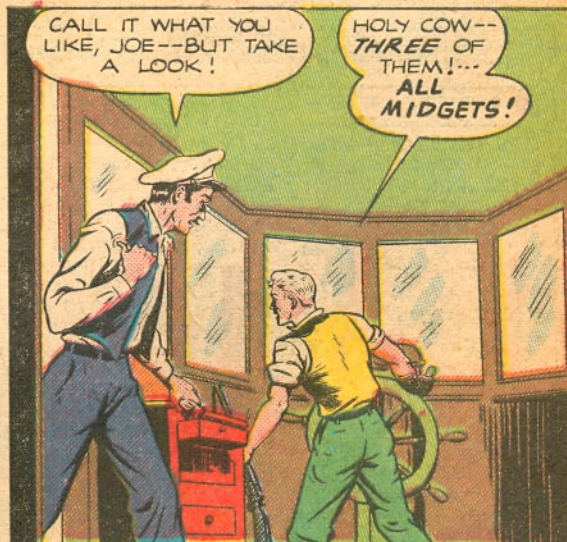


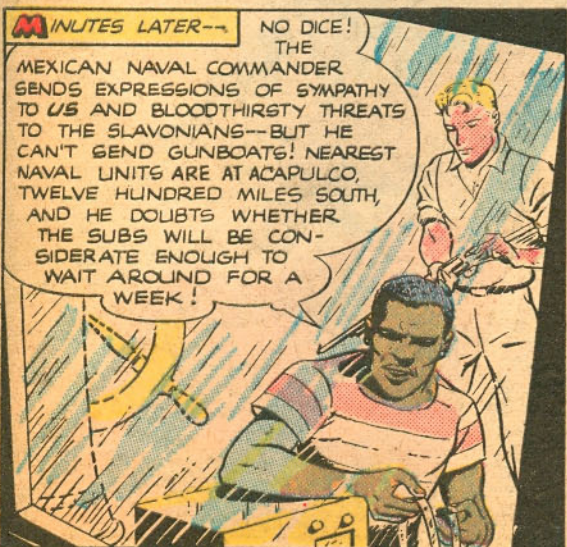
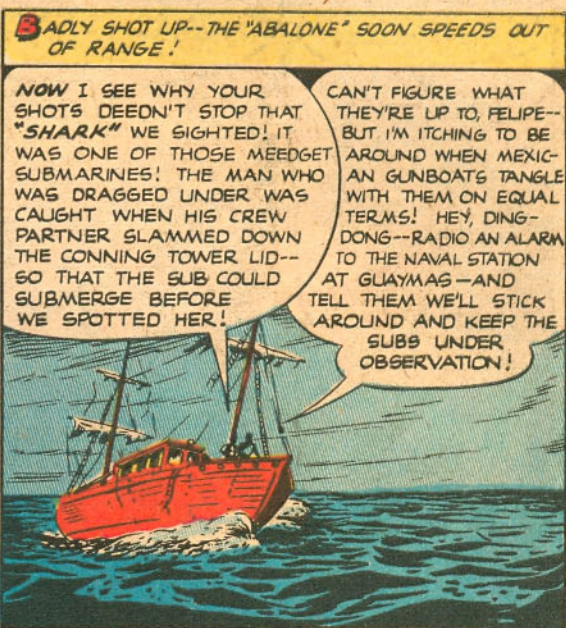
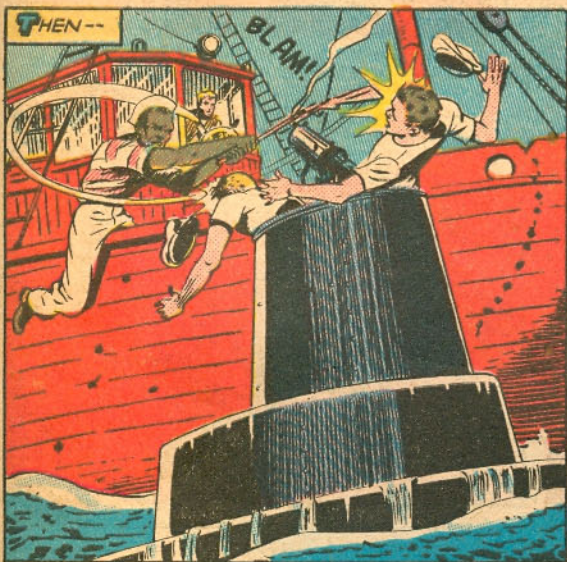
THAT'S WHERE
YOU'RE WRONG,
DEENGDONG!
THERE'S ONE
BEARING DOWN
NOW--AND IT'S
CREEPING ALONG
FASTER THAN ANY
SHARK I EVER SAW!

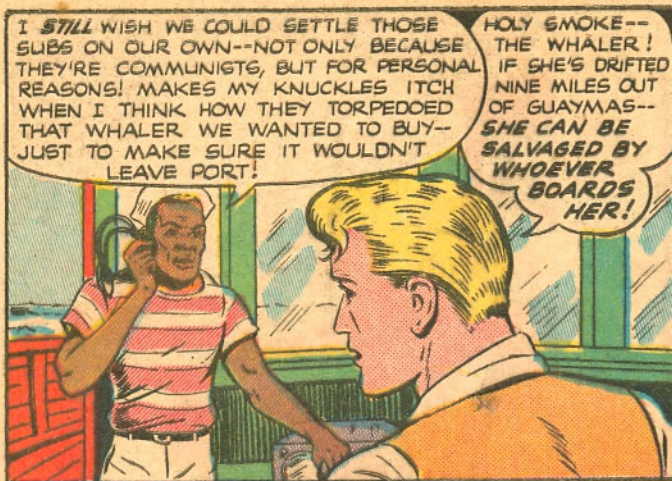


HOLY COW--WHAT
KIND OF CRITTER
IS THAT?

THEN-- A SPLIT SECOND AFTER JOE FIRES--







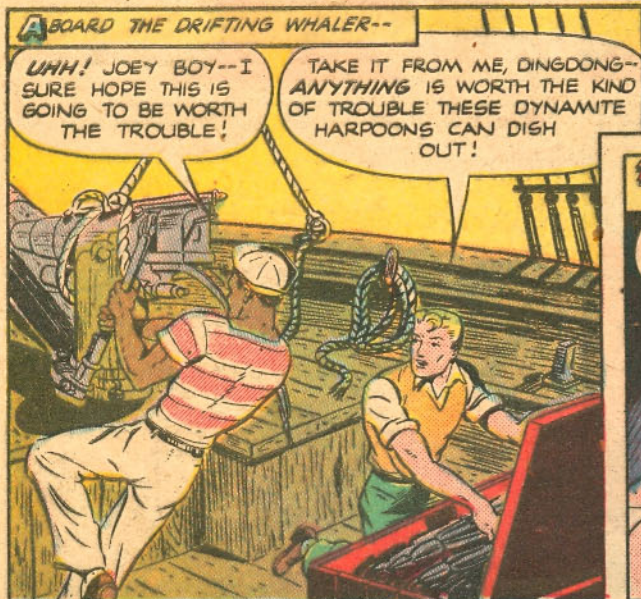
I *STILL* WISH WE COULD SETTLE THOSE SUBS ON OUR OWN--NOT ONLY BECAUSE THEY'RE COMMUNISTS, BUT FOR PERSONAL REASONS! MAKES MY KNUCKLES ITCH WHEN I THINK HOW THEY TORPEDOED THAT WHALER. WE WANTED TO BUY--JUST TO MAKE SURE IT WOULDN'T LEAVE PORT!

HOLY SMOKE-- THE WHALER! IF SHE'S DRIFTED NINE MILES OUT OF GUAYMAS-- SHE CAN BE SALVAGED BY WHOEVER BOARDS HER!



THAT'S *SOMETHING*-- AN OLD TUB WITH HER INSIDES BLOWN APART BY A TORPEDO?

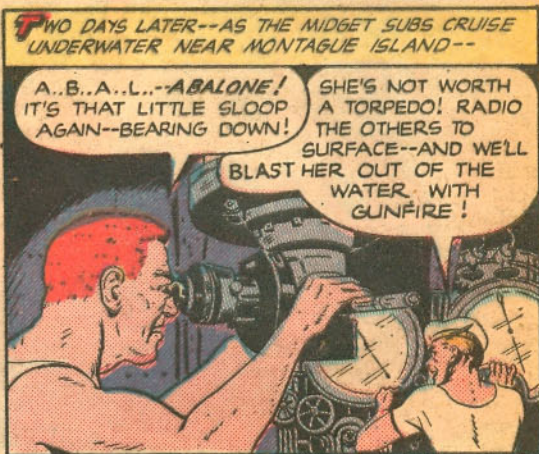
SURE--BUT I'M THINKING OF SOMETHING THAT'S *OUTSIDE* AND *INTACT*-- HER HARPOON GUN!



ABOARD THE DRIFTING WHALER--

UHH! JOEY BOY--I SURE HOPE THIS IS GOING TO BE WORTH THE TROUBLE!

TAKE IT FROM ME, DINGDONG-- ANYTHING IS WORTH THE KIND OF TROUBLE THESE DYNAMITE HARPOONS CAN DISH OUT!



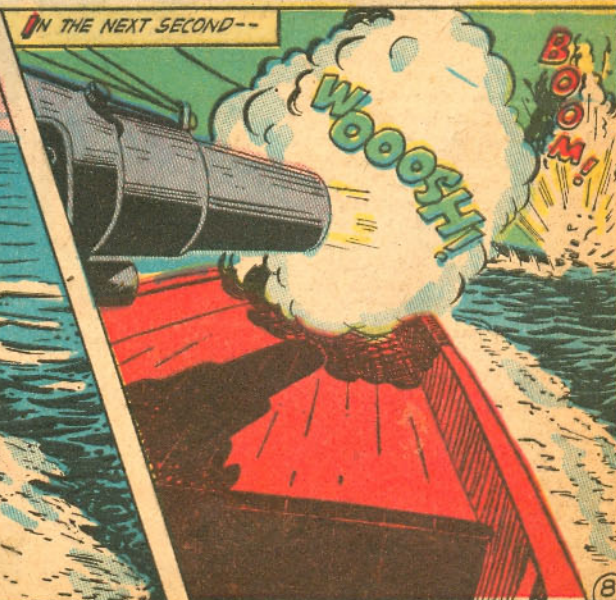
TWO DAYS LATER--AS THE MIDGET SUBS CRUISE UNDERWATER NEAR MONTAGUE ISLAND--

A..B..A..L...--*ABALONE!* IT'S THAT LITTLE SLOOP AGAIN--BEARING DOWN!

SHE'S NOT WORTH A TORPEDO! RADIO THE OTHERS TO SURFACE--AND WE'LL BLAST HER OUT OF THE WATER WITH GUNFIRE!



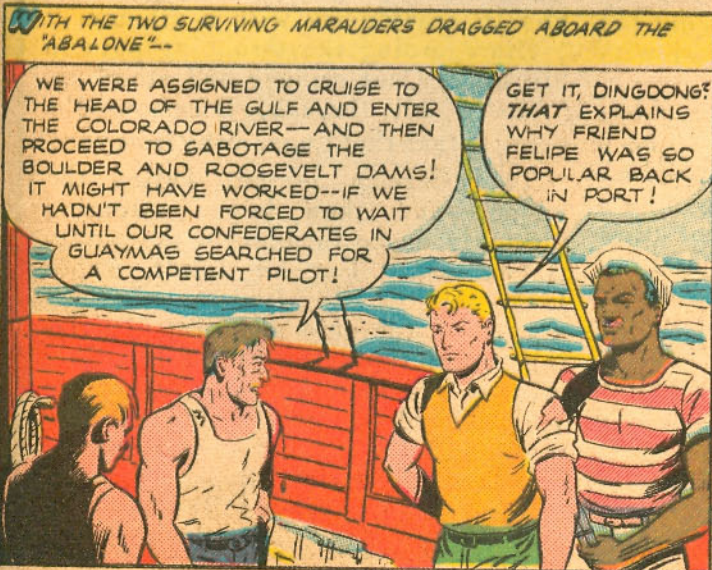
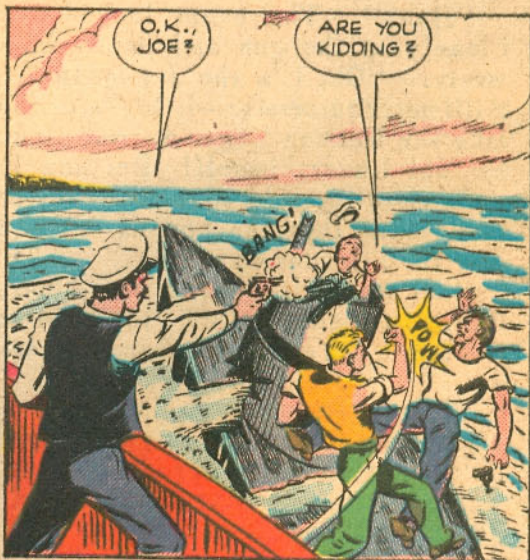
O.K.--LET'ER COME UP! EASY... EASY...



IN THE NEXT SECOND--

WOOOSH!

BOOM!



NAZI NEMESIS

THE BALLISTICS ROOM at the Tokyo headquarters of U. S. Counter-Intelligence was stocked with practically every handgun still in use throughout the world, and Agent Chet Gardner had no difficulty in finding the pistol he wanted. When he checked it out at the weapons desk, the agent in charge said, "Taking a Luger out tonight, eh, Chet? What's the matter with the good old U. S. Service Revolver?"

"Take another look at that Luger," Chet said.

"Huh?" The agent looked more closely at the gun and then grinned wryly. "Oh, it's the Japanese 7.65 millimeter automatic---it looks enough like the German Luger at first glance to fool Luger himself! But now I'm even more bewildered, Chet---why are you taking this Jap popgun out---and why the silencer on it?"

Chet grinned. "Because I hope it fools someone else tonight---*ex-Gestapo Chief Fritz Bormann himself!*"

The agent's eyes widened in amazement. "You mean you got a tip he's right here in Tokyo? Why, he's wanted for more war crimes than a Jap poodle has fleas! But he's dangerous---you can't handle him by yourself, Chet! Let me call out the rest of the boys to help you with that---"

Chet clapped a hand on the phone and said, "No---this has got to be a *one-man job!* The Jap who tipped me off about Bormann said the house he's hiding out in has a dozen secret exits into the alleys---even the whole C-I force couldn't stop him from escaping once he saw us coming! But if just *one* man tries nabbing him, he may take time out to kill that guy before he escapes---and that's just where this Jap blaster comes in! So long, chum---if I'm not in by morning, have them drag the river for my body!"

An hour later, Chet was pushing

through the basement window he had just jimmied open---and dropping noisily into the cellar of the house where Bormann was supposed to be hiding out. Chet stood still for a moment, listening in the darkness, thinking, "Maybe I didn't make enough noise---no one seems to have heard me---OH!!!"

Stars exploded in Chet's head as the blackjack crashed viciously down on his skull. Half-unconscious, he felt someone going through his pockets. When he opened his eyes, the cruel, thin-lipped, killer's face of Fritz Bormann swam into focus---and Chet's heart leaped as he saw that the ex-Gestapo chief was holding the Jap pistol with the silencer.

"I always knew you Americans were fools," Bormann grated out. "I don't know how you found out where I was hiding these last five years, but it was *suicide* for you to think that one man could take Fritz Bormann! My intricate system of alarms would have enabled me to escape easily even if a battalion of you tried to surround the house---but when I saw that you were alone, I knew I could wait to *kill* you before I fled! And how fitting that you should die with a bullet from a German Luger---and how thoughtful of you to provide me with a silencer!"

Disregarding the throbbing pain in his head, Chet grinned and stood up. "You're all through, Bormann---I'm going to take that Luger away from you!"

The German leered, pulled the trigger---and then began swearing violently as he fumbled at the safety mechanism. But he didn't fumble long---for Chet's fist caught him square on the chin and sent him flying across the cellar, out cold. Chet grinned and picked up the fallen Jap 7.65 pistol---a gun which closely resembled the Luger, except for the small but complicated "Mambu" locking device that had foiled Bormann and would send him to the gallows.

ROMAN RUSE

MIGHTY AND VICTORIOUS WERE THE LEGIONS OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN EMPIRE... BUT NOT ALL THEIR VICTORIES WERE WON BY FORCE OF ARMS ALONE! FOR THE ROMAN GENERALS WERE REPUTED TO BE THE MOST CUNNING IN THE WORLD... AND THE CRAFTIEST OF THEM ALL WAS **SCIPIO**, ONE OF THE FIRST MILITARY GENIUSES TO RELY ON **ESPIONAGE!**



HAIL, MIGHTY SCIPIO! I COME AS ENVOY FOR KING SYPHAX OF NUMIDIA, IN NORTHERN AFRICA... TO NEGOTIATE A TREATY BETWEEN NUMIDIA AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE! WE WILL WELCOME YOUR AMBASSADOR INTO THE NUMIDIAN CAMP... BUT THERE MUST BE NO MILITARY OFFICERS AMONG YOUR ENVOYS, BECAUSE WE ARE FEARFUL OF ESPIONAGE UNTIL THE TREATY IS SIGNED!

IT IS AGREED! I WILL SEND ONLY PEACEFUL NEGOTIATORS TO NUMIDIA... MEN WHO KNOW NOTHING OF ARMIES OR WARFARE!



BUT AFTER THE NUMIDIAN ENVOY HAD LEFT...

LELIUS, I APPOINT YOU AS LEADER OF THE MISSION TO NUMIDIA! I WILL ASSIGN MY TOP MILITARY OFFICERS AND GENERALS TO ACCOMPANY YOU AND SPY UPON THE NUMIDIAN CAMP... BUT THEY WILL BE DISGUISED AS **SLAVES!**

TRULY A WISE PLAN, O SCIPIO! THE NUMIDIANS ARE POWERFUL AND CANNY... BUT NONE ARE CRAFTIER THAN **THOU!**



WHEN THE ROMAN DELEGATION ARRIVED IN THE ARMED NUMIDIAN CAMP...

WELCOME, O AMBASSADOR OF ROME... I, KING SYPHAX OF NUMIDIA, GREET THEE! BUT TELL ME TRUTHFULLY... ARE THERE ANY OF THE MILITARY AMONG YOUR FOLLOWERS?

NO, SIRE... AS YOU SEE, I BROUGHT ONLY SLAVES WITH ME!



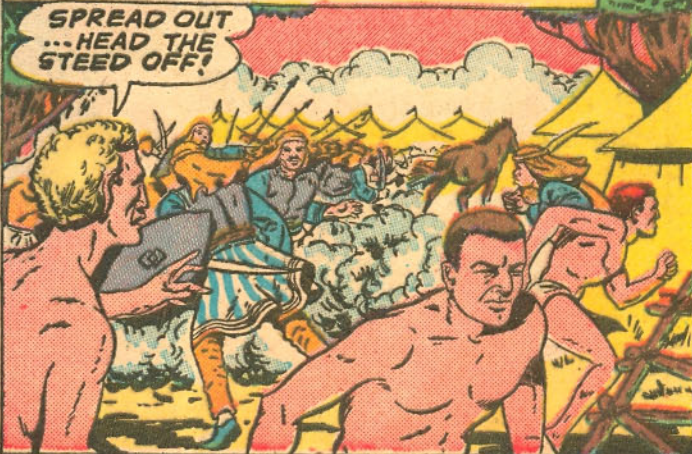
BUT AS SOON AS LELIUS WAS UNOBSERVED...

A HORSE HAS BROKEN LOOSE FROM OUR PICKET LINE... CATCH HIM, SLAVES!



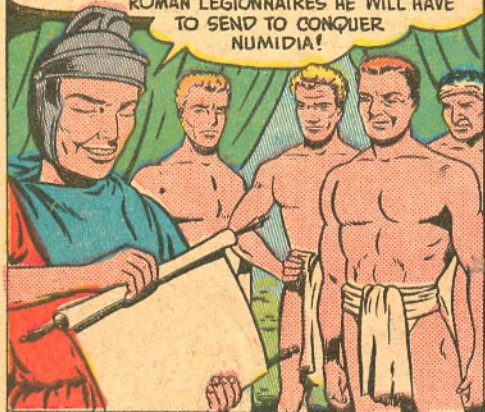
INSTANTLY, THE DISGUISED ROMAN OFFICERS SET OUT IN PURSUIT OF THE BOLTING HORSE... AND UNDER PRETENSE OF TRYING TO HEAD THE STEED OFF, THEY FANNED OUT ALL OVER THE NUMIDIAN ARMED CAMP... AND LEARNED ALL THERE WAS TO KNOW ABOUT ITS STRENGTH!

SPREAD OUT... HEAD THE STEED OFF!



WHEN THE HORSE WAS FINALLY CAUGHT, THE DISGUISED MILITARY OBSERVERS MADE THEIR REPORTS TO LELIUS...

WELL DONE --- WITH THIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE NUMIDIAN FORCES, SCIPIO WILL KNOW EXACTLY HOW MANY ROMAN LEGIONNAIRES HE WILL HAVE TO SEND TO CONQUER NUMIDIA!



BUT BEFORE THE ROMANS LEFT, ONE OF THEM MADE THE ALMOST FATAL MISTAKE OF TIRING OF HIS SLAVE'S CLOTHING, AND RESUMING HIS ACCUSTOMED GARB! THIS IMMEDIATELY AROUSED SUSPICION...

HOLD... CAN THAT BE A SLAVE'S CLOTHES YOU WEAR?



THEN, AS THE NUMIDIAN EXAMINED THE ROMAN GENERAL MORE CLOSELY...

WAIT... BY THE GODS OF WAR, I BELIEVE I RECOGNIZE YOU! ARE YOU NOT PUBLIUS TIBERIUS --- THE ROMAN GENERAL I KNEW IN GREECE MANY YEARS AGO?

YOU ARE MISTAKEN --- HE IS NAUGHT BUT A SLAVE!



AND A DOG OF A SLAVE! PIG... HOW DARE YOU ARRAY YOURSELF SO RICHLY AS TO BE MISTAKEN FOR A ROMAN GENERAL?

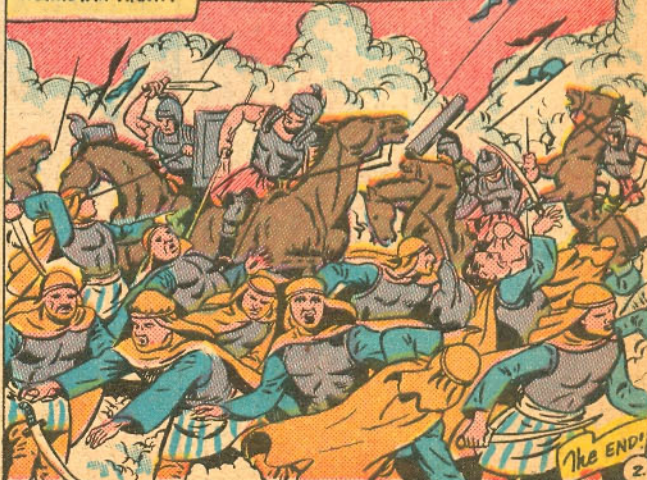


ON YOUR KNEES... SWINE!

NO... SPARE HIM! I MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN... NOW I SEE HE CANNOT BE A ROMAN GENERAL, FOR I KNOW THAT THE ROMAN CODE PRESCRIBES DEATH FOR ANY MAN WHO STRIKES A HIGH ROMAN OFFICER! I ACCUSED HIM FALSELY... FORGIVE ME!



THUS, BY HIS QUICK THINKING AND DARING ACTION, LELIUS PREVENTED THE DISCOVERY OF THE ESPIONAGE PLOT... AND AS A RESULT OF THE INFORMATION GAINED BY THAT ESPIONAGE, SCIPIO DISPATCHED ENOUGH ROMAN LEGIONS TO UTTERLY DESTROY THE NUMIDIAN ARMY!



THE END!
2

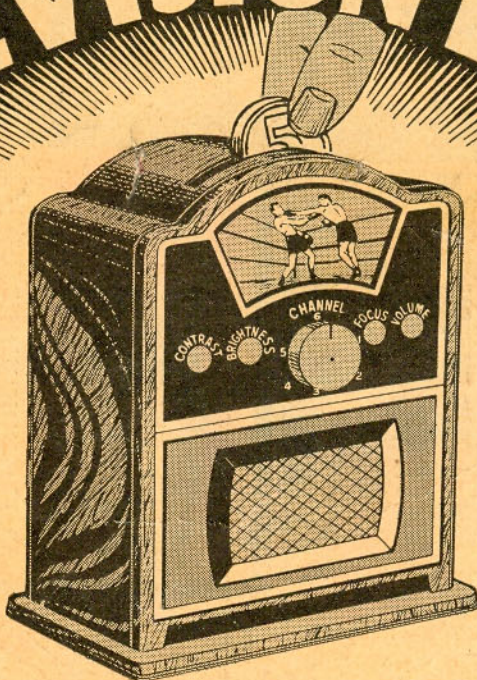
THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES
IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION
HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR
FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR
SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4¼" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY! NEW TELEVISION BANK!**

SEAGEE CO., Dept. 31BC
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

- ☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____
(Please Print Plainly)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

- ☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept 31BC New York 2, N. Y.

FUN ORDER TODAY!

FOR ALL!

AMAZING • EXCITING • IT'S TELEVIEW!
SUPER DELUXE
ELECTRIC TV PROJECTOR
 SHOWS REAL FILMS



- A BIG SHOW — "Little Red Riding Hood"
- A REAL PROJECTOR! Bright Red Plastic!
- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate

EXTRA FILM 3 FILMS \$1.00 ONLY

SHOW WHITE THE OWL AND THE PUSY CAT
 JINGLE BELLS
 THREE LITTLE PIGS
 JACK AND JILL
 RIP VAN WINKLE
 TOM THUMB
 ROBINSON CRUSOE
 HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
 WINKIN' WILLIE

Imagine Only \$2.98
 COMPLETE, INCLUDING, Screen, Film and Projector

Now any child can show the most exciting movies at home with this streamlined TELEVIEW Projector. Complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will make big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all! **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with order and we pay postage at C.O.D. plus postage.

SHE'S NEW! SENSATIONAL! NU-BORN BABY DOLL!



- SHE'S OVER 18 INCHES TALL!
- LIFELIKE RUBBER WONDERSKIN!
- SHE CRIES — SHE COOS!
- REMOVABLE LATETEE!

Amazingly lifelike nu-born doll to melt every "little mother's" heart. Pat her, stroke her, cuddle her — she coos — she cries. Hours and hours of play thrill. Over 18 inches high, with almost human — washable arms, legs, and head of rubber WONDERSKIN. Babysoft pink skin, bright blue eyes — closest thing to actual infant. Easily removable nightie and diaper combination for "quick changes." Adorably wrapped in baby's bonnet with a ribbon tie for showing off in the "carriage parade." **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. — Remit with order, we pay postage.)

JUST IMAGINE! ONLY 3.98 COMPLETE
 RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

Be The "Life of the Party!" FUN FOR ALL!



MAURA LOO UKE
 JUST LIKE THE TV STARS USE!

Here's a wonderful ukelele that's so simple to play, so much fun to use! Boys, girls, adults — all will be the life of every party — because with the Maura Loo Uke, you can play all the popular songs with just a few hours practice. Nothing complicated to learn! If you can hum, sing or whistle a tune, you can play the Maura Loo Uke! Complete instruction booklet shows you how simple it is! **AND with every order, we'll send you FREE a music sheet of old-time favorites and American folk songs!**

ONLY \$3.98 COMPLETE
 Remit with order and we pay postage, or C.O.D. plus postage. Money refunded in 3 days if not completely satisfied.

NEW! SENSATIONAL! AMAZING! 22 PCS. NURS-A-DOLLY



- She drinks, she wets!
- Washable Rubber Wonderskin! nursing kit!

To thrill the heart of every little mother — this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber doll drinks, and wets her diaper — comes with complete feeding equipment — 21 sturdy pieces including sterilizer rack, nipple jar and kettle, formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use! Made of soft, lifelike WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. **SEND NO MONEY!** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine Only 3.98 Complete

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

FREE! WITH EVERY BANK! PEANUT BANK



PEANUT VENDER-BANK

Exciting saving bank serves peanuts while you save pennies, nickels, dimes! Comes with top hat, dashing monocle, a 1/2 pound vacuum can of delicious roasted peanuts, double lock and key. Drop in a coin and flip back the ear — out pops a generous amount of peanuts. Made of sturdy, durable plastic. **MR. PEANUT VENDER-BANK** is ideal to start the kiddies saving (holds upwards of \$20 in coins). Wonderful for parties, enterprising, family fun. Easy to refill. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

ONLY 2.98 COMPLETE

SEND COUPON!

NOVELTY MART, Dept.

59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y. 142 A

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
 Enclosed find: ☐ Check on M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

- ☐ Nu-Born Doll \$3.98 ☐ Nurs-A-Dolly \$3.98
☐ Ukelele \$3.98 ☐ Peanut Bank \$2.98
☐ Television Projector \$2.98 (3 Films \$1.00)

Name _____
 Address _____ City _____ State _____

NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, Dept. 142A New York 3, N. Y.